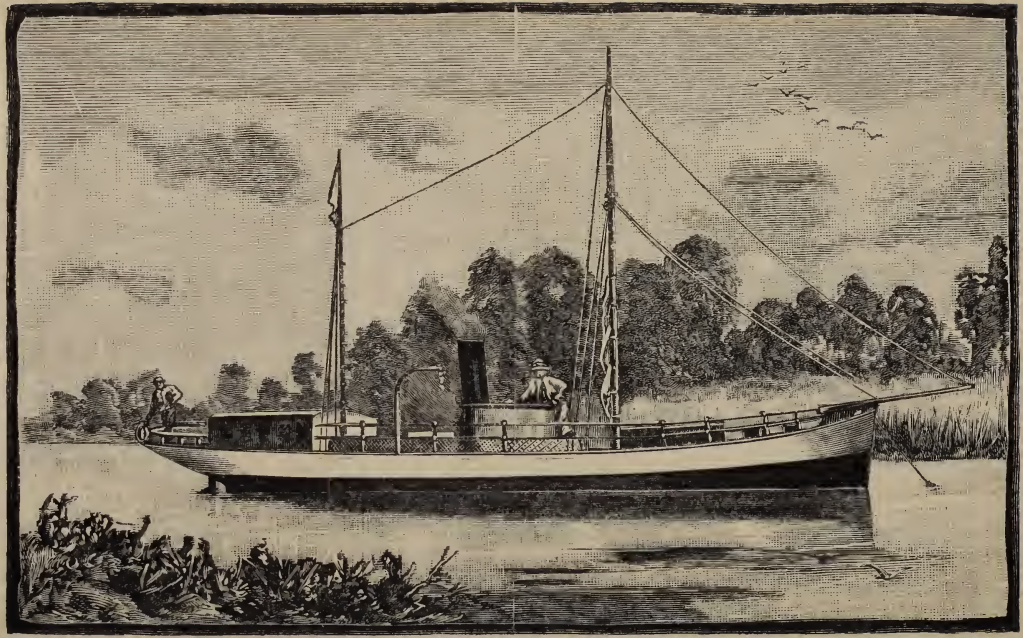
The Diary of a Working Man in Central Africa

Edited by J. Cooke Yarborough

S P K



THE "CHARLES JANSON."

THE DIARY

OF

A WORKING MAN

(*WILLIAM BELLINGHAM*)

IN

CENTRAL AFRICA,

DECEMBER, 1884, TO OCTOBER, 1887.

EDITED BY

J. COOKE YARBOROUGH,

CURATE OF CHISLEHURST.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE TRACT COMMITTEE.

LONDON:

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, CHARING CROSS, W.C.;
43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
BRIGHTON: 135, NORTH STREET.
NEW YORK: E. & J. B. YOUNG AND CO.

SONNET.

THE "CHARLES JANSON."

Thou—named of one who sleeps beside the wave
  That idly laps our Lake's long eastern shore,
  Who giving all his substance, gave yet more,
And for a land oppressed, its sons to save,
Laid down his precious life, that they might have
  Some heritage in Christ's abounding store
  Of mercy, and might learn the mighty lore
Of man's redemption sprung from Bethlehem's cave.

Thou, little craft, a votive offering free,
  Right well dost serve to keep his memory green;
For as through wind and wave thou tak'st thy way
No earth-born errand in thy course we see,
  No sordid gain to win, no purpose mean,
But where now darkness reigns to herald day.

C. MAPLES, *March 16th*, 1888.

CONTENTS.

SKETCH MAP OF
LAKE NYASSA
AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.
SPHERE OF GERMAN INFLUENCE
BRITISH E. AFRICA
Mombasa
Pemba
Zanzibar (British Protectorate)
Mafia
R. Rueha
R. Rufigi
L. TANGANYIKA
L. Leopold
SOUTHN BOUNDARY OF THE GERMAN SPHERE OF INFLUENCE
Stevenson Road
AFRICAN LAKES Co.
LAKE NYASSA
Songela's
MBAMPA BAY
Lindi
R. Rovuma
Masai
FIXED JUNE 1890
BRITISH
L. Bangweolo
Chitambo
Livingstone died 1873
SPHERE OF INFLUENCE
Bandawe
Chitesi
Chisange
Mayendondas
Chingomanjes
Losewa
Makanjilas
YAO TRIBE
PORTUGESE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE
MAKUA
Livingstonia
Mponda's
Pamalombe L.
Matope
Katunga
(PROPOSED) BOUNDY OF BRITISH SPHERE OF INFLUENCE
PORTUGESE & ZAMBESI INFLUENCE
R. Ruo
Bp Mackenzie's Grave
Mt Morumbala
Shamo
Shupanga
Mrs Livingstone's grave
Maruru
Kilimane
R. Kwakwa
Mozambique
BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN COMPANY
WALES ON THE SAME SCALE.
4°
6°
8°
10°
12°
33°
34°
36°
38°
40°

THE

DIARY OF A WORKING MAN IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT often happens, when one has to search through old letters and records of the past, that the memory of a grief which we thought we had ceased to feel, starts up from the dusty wrappings which had enclosed it, and stabs our hearts with a momentary pang. We feel again the keenness of the sorrow and disappointment which that letter or relic first brought to us, and the recollections of those earlier days come back with a vivid reality that seems still undimmed by the hand of Time.

Among the records of the Universities Mission,

I found one day a letter which might well awaken memories like these. It was hastily scribbled on a torn sheet of blue foolscap. The damp and exposure had discoloured and blotted it here and there. The writer was Dr. Livingstone. Writing from Central Africa, in a few quiet words of evident feeling, he announces to the Committee of the Mission the sudden and premature death of their first bishop, Charles Frederick Mackenzie.

There are few things more touching, when looked at in the shadow of human weakness, or more full of beauty as examples of divine grace, than the reminiscences which are awakened on reading that letter. One pictures again the closing in of the swift twilight round the lonely grave in the forest; and the faithful priest, himself death-stricken, laying to rest the body of his beloved bishop, and, as he tells us, having repeated over his grave in the darkness "as much of the Burial Service as he could remember," wearily struggling on to bear the sad tidings to the rest before he too lies down to die.

These are things that one does not know whether to speak of with joy or sadness, but they lie at the foundation of much that is best and noblest in the efforts of the Universities Mission in the regions round Lake Nyassa. "I have no suspicion," wrote Dr. Livingstone, "that, after the first stunning effect of our heavy tidings

has passed over, you will feel disposed to draw back." But it was judged, and rightly, as we now believe, to draw back for a time. A year later, the first chapter in the history of the Mission closes, the Shiré country is abandoned, and the silence of heathenism settles down again over the villages of the Manganja and the graves at Magomero.

Oh, that inveterate cloud of silence that broods over the native life of Africa! Village after village is devoured by the slave-trade, wars rage, and famines destroy, yet no cry of suffering comes to our ears, save when some missionary or traveller uplifts the veil for a moment and calls on the civilized world to listen.

The Mission found work in abundance awaiting them at Zanzibar, whither they retired. The slave-market was bought up, the church built upon it, released slaves were trained to be teachers and colonists, the districts round Magila were brought under the influence of the gospel.

In such works as these time slips fast away The generations of men are piteously brief in a place like Zanzibar. One must "work while it is day," for no missionary has yet succeeded in living twenty years there; but never did either Bishop Tozer or Bishop Steere forget that Nyassa was the true field of the Mission. Mackenzie's grave, like the heart of the Bruce, lay there, luring on his followers into the thick of the battle; and a visit was at last planned and

carried out by Bishop Steere, to Mataka, a great chief, who lived within reach of the eastern coast of the lake, and to whom Livingstone had promised a missionary fifteen years before.

Despite the difficulty of procuring men and means, the mission crept, year by year, steadily nearer its goal. The settlement of Masasi formed a half-way resting-place, and from that village the Rev. W. P. Johnson reached Mataka's town. The old chief had died in heathenism, his repeated requests for a missionary unanswered; but his son received Mr. Johnson with apparent friendliness, and for six months he worked there. An unfortunate attempt on the part of a captain of a British cruiser to capture a slave-caravan on the coast (we were then only allowed to interfere with the slave-trade at sea) gave the slave-dealers, who swarmed at Mataka's, an excuse for an attack on Mr. Johnson, and he was driven out, his property stolen, and his life threatened. Rendered entirely destitute, he had no choice but to return to Masasi and refit. On his way he met Charles Janson, one of the best and holiest of the Mission priests, who was already on his way to meet him. The two had never met before, but were admirably suited for fellow-workers.

After spending Christmas (1881) at Masasi, they started on their march for the shores of the lake. The details of that journey are gathered with quaint and cheerful pen in the last journal

of Charles Janson. It was a difficult and dangerous enterprise. They walked about four hundred miles in six weeks, much troubled by the continual rains and misleading guides. Charles Janson's diary gives a perfect picture of the miseries of African travel, yet full of brightness and merriment, although he was continually ill with fever. On February 9, 1882, he writes, "The Nyassa at last," and says it reminds him of the Sea of Galilee. Next day they reached a big village called Misanjé. The close of their journey was near at hand. The diary breaks off abruptly. Charles Janson had reached the close of his earthly pilgrimage as well. He was seized with a choleraic attack, brought on by the exposure and toils of the long journey. He was too sick to receive the last Sacrament. The paroxysms of pain robbed him at times of even speech and hearing, but he never murmured. That power of devotion which had attracted the wonder and admiration of all who knew him, showed itself in the intervals of consciousness. He appeared to hold continual communion with our Lord. "Glorify Thy Name" was one of his repeated petitions; "and I thought," writes the friend who watched his patience, "that He was doing it." "If there was one among our number," said Bishop Steere afterwards, "who was worthy to be enrolled among the list of saints, it was Charles Janson."

They moved him nearer the shore, and pulled

down the side of the hut in which he lay, that the cool breezes from the lake might fan his burning cheeks; and so he passed away, looking out with his failing sight on that vast expanse of water, as it changed for him into the shoreless sea of eternity. "I thank God," writes Mr. Johnson, "for the privilege of being with him in his Christian fortitude."

Quietly the men came in, and said the Lord's Prayer beside the poor worn-out frame, at rest in the stillness of death. Then they sewed the body up in a native mat, and buried it beside the lake, to be a witness of the power of Christ until Christ comes again.

So the two graves are witnesses there, Mackenzie's in the forest far away to the south, Janson's beneath a heap of stones in a village on the shore of the lake itself—just two milestones on the march of the Church Militant; just two altars, from beneath which come the prayers of saints waiting for the redemption, and crying, "How long? O Lord, how long?"

William Johnson preaches beside the grave on the resurrection to eternal life, and then passes on alone about his Master's work.

Nearly two years crept by. Now and then a letter came, telling its own story of unwearied patience, and many privations endured by that good soldier of Jesus Christ. Then he appeared back in England for a brief space, vigorous and enthusiastic, reading a paper of deep thought

and most attractive earnestness at the Carlisle Church Congress. Speaking, preaching, pleading for the tribes of Lake Nyassa, until he had placed before all whom it might interest his scheme of a steamer to be launched on the lake; and the memory of Charles Janson awoke again, to stir up men and women to provide a steamer, and call it after his name.

There is something mysterious about Lake Nyassa. When one thinks of three hundred and fifty miles of open water, stretching through the Dark Continent, one realizes something of the sensations of Dr. Livingstone when he discovered it. Its wonderful cliffs descending six and even eight thousand feet into the intensely deep blue water of the lake; precipice piled on precipice, yet with every cranny and rift gorgeous with tropical vegetation; waterfalls among the highest crags, but so high up that they seem to hang like silver threads, while the ear fails to catch from below the faintest tinkle of the falling streams: its long stretches of sandy coast, with lake-dwellings here in daily use, with people living in them with their weapons of bronze and stone, their rude earthenware, and their fish diet, just as prehistoric man lived on the Swiss lakes thousands of years ago: its low marshes, the haunts of fever and cholera, always resounding with the clangour of myriads of waterfowl, and its stockaded towns crowded on the sandy spits

between the marshes and the sea ;—altogether a weird panorama.

Truly Africa seems to gather into itself an epitome of the world's history. Bronze age, stone age, cave-dweller, barbarian, savage, down to the latest product of civilization at Algiers or the Cape.

William Johnson's problem was, " How is the gospel to be brought to the people of Nyassa ? " The obstacles were : (1) The slave-trade, causing war, famine, insecurity of property, impossibility of guaranteeing a permanent settlement on the coast of the lake ; (2) the unhealthy situations of the native towns ; (3) the isolation of the missionary.

His solution was : (1) Give us a steamer by which native teachers, trained at Zanzibar, and English missionaries, could be carried from town to town along the shores ; (2) a central station, if possible on an island in the lake, to which missionaries might be transferred in case of war and sickness ; and (3) a training-ship anchored in some sheltered bay, which might form a floating college for native teachers.

As soon as the construction of the *Charles Janson* had been decided on, it was entrusted to Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar, the builders of the *Ilala*, and the flat-bottomed Nile steamers for the late Egyptian expedition ; and, by the kindness of the Lords of the Admiralty, she was built under Government inspection.

She is a screw steamer, measuring sixty-five feet in length, has twelve feet six inches beam, and can carry twenty ton, having accommodation for about eight Europeans, besides natives. She was constructed in about eight hundred pieces, so as to be screwed together on her arrival at the lake, and packed in three hundred and fifty parcels, varying from sixty to three hundred pounds in weight. Most of the fittings, such as the anchor, compass, canteen, etc., were special gifts from friends of the Universities Mission.

An article written in the *Banner of Faith*, asking for volunteers, brought some fifty offers from sailors, engineers, and workmen of all sorts, out of whom the new members of the party were selected ; and on October 31, 1884, the *Hawarden Castle* set sail, with the *Charles Janson* stowed away in her hold, and the party on board. It consisted of the Rev. W. P. Johnson, William Bellingham (the writer of the diary, who was for ten years working as engineer and lay-reader with the Mission), Captain Callaghan, two mechanics, a mason, and carpenter.

They reached Cape Town on November 21, and transhipped the *Charles Janson* and their goods into the *Florence*, in which they arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi.

It is at this point that the journal begins. It is a plain account of how the packages containing the steamer and the stores for the first six months' settlement on Lake Nyassa, were carried

under great difficulties up the Zambesi and the Shiré, and of the first starting of the Mission on the lake, and it forms a record something differing from the ordinary accounts of both exploration and missionary work. Being, as it is, the work of a working man, hastily jotted down in the intervals of toil, and continual suffering from sickness and exposure, it does not pretend to possess any literary excellence. It only aims at giving a practical description of the work which has to be done, and the difficulties which lie in wait for all who attempt to benefit the tribes of Central Africa.

QUILLIMANE.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVER JOURNEY.

Vexatious delay at Quillimane—Lodgings in an old hulk—Loss of one of the boys—Sickness already appearing—Arrival of the *Somptseu*—Start on Christmas Day—The Zambesi—The steamer aground—Narrow escape from a crocodile—Arrival at Maruru—Mrs. Livingstone's grave—Entrance to the River Shiré—Morumbala marsh—Shallowness of the river—The last of Dr. Livingstone's Makololos—Traces of former missionaries—Bishop Mackenzie's grave—Arrival at Katunga's.

DECEMBER 7th.—We arrived at Quillimane on board the s.s. *Florence*. Notwithstanding the day being Sunday, the cargo had to be discharged, we, as usual, keeping our eyes on the packages, ticking off each one that came up out of the hold, and seeing that nothing got broken. We were very anxious to know whether the loads would have to go to the Custom-house or not, as the African Boating Company had offered the use of an old hulk,

which would have saved us trouble, and the packages would have had less knocking about. The Portuguese, however, desired that it should all pass through their Customs. We had to watch the more carefully because the loads were carried up by piecework from the shore to the Custom-house, and at the end of each journey the man would throw down his load, not caring whether he smashed the case or not, and run back to fetch another; so one of us had to be at the Custom-house to watch each case as it came up, and see that it was not damaged. With all our care, however, several cases were broken, and the whole of the steamer (*Charles Janson*) was strewed about over a large area of ground near the Custom-house door, and looked very much as if it had been blown to pieces by gunpowder. It seemed a large quantity of stuff to take up country, and made one feel nervous and anxious; but I resigned myself quietly to it, and was determined to do my best whatever might happen, and not to ride on to meet troubles and difficulties half-way. They had, however, already begun, for as soon as you land on the Central African shores all changes. The croaking of the frogs, and the mosquitos buzzing round your head, and various insects singing at night, tell one he is in the land of fever. Trouble after trouble will now follow—want of food and water, fever, and burning sun, and heavy showers of tropical rain, and

often sleeping in the open, with wild beasts to disturb your rest. Many like to hear these stories in England, and fancy they would enjoy it, but when it comes to the real thing it is very different. It requires a stout heart combined with perfect love for the work and the African race ; so I should not advise any one to come out here without these two things. We had several heavy showers of rain while discharging the cargo, and a barge-load of our packages, with Mr. Alley on board, was swept away by the tide a long way down the river, and they were a long time recovering themselves ; but all were safely landed at last, and, each one looking after his personal baggage, we got clear of the *Florence*, and took up our quarters on the old hulk. Our baggage was examined by the Custom-house officers, and all the guns were extracted.

The old hulk had a good galvanized iron roof, and plenty of room. After a good cleaning, she was very comfortable. Our arrangements on board were very primitive, and, as all our provisions and utensils were in the Custom-house, we found it difficult to provide ourselves with a meal. However, by purchasing a few things from town, and, with a little given to us by the people on the steamer, we managed for a day or two, until we got our things through the Custom-house.

We had our beds on deck, but a heavy shower of rain, and a strong wind, drove us all down below. We had great trouble with a boy whom

Mr. Johnson had taken to England. He had evidently lost his wits; he was often in the water, and wanting to go on shore, and once he was nearly drowned in endeavouring to swim off to the ship. We could not keep him quiet, and at last he disappeared. We fear a crocodile must have taken him, for we sent all over the town and country around, and could hear no tidings of him.*

Mr. Johnson went on to Zanzibar in company with Mr. Wride, who was going to Mbweni, and we were now left with our charge to face the difficulties of the up-country journey. After getting our canteens, and laying in a stock of food, we made ourselves at home on board the hulk as best we could. Our stove consisted of three stones and a box of earth, over which we cooked our food, and neither of us had much experience in cooking, so our food was not always first class. A change in diet, and bad water, made a change in our health. We all had an attack of diarrhœa; Creighton and Robinson were really ill with it. We commenced and ended the day with Matins and Evensong, and the little American organ we brought out with us made the time pass cheerfully. It was often difficult going to and from the shore; the tide and strong winds would often make long pulls for those who happened to be caught by them. Alley and I went on shore to mend the boxes

* This boy turned up alive last year. See note, p. 140.

that were damaged by the porters when landing the goods. Now we had to await several days the arrival of the *Somptseu*, which had been chartered by Mr. Johnson at Durban. She was to bring up a cargo of coal and the Bedford boat,* which had to be discharged at the Kongoni mouth of the Zambesi; then she was to come round and take a load of the *Charles Janson*, and make her first trip up the Zambesi river. She did not arrive until December 19th, and, not having our invoices, we could only get the steamer packages through the Customs. Leaving our provisions and tents behind, we set to work to get the *Somptseu* loaded, which was no small business, and very trying. She only took about one-third, and not nearly so much as we expected. However, we got off on the afternoon of the 22nd. Creighton, Alley, Robinson, and myself went on, leaving Mr. Callaghan in charge of the remainder; we anchored for the night just inside of the bar of the Quillimane river. Our accommodation on the *Somptseu* was worse than on the old hulk. It was very difficult to get any cooking done, and the only place we had to sleep was on the hatch; and we had a Dutchman as a passenger, which only added to our discomfort, not having much room. What with mosquitos, rain, and the excitement of starting, we had very little sleep that night.

* The Bedford boat was a centre-board boat, bought at Natal with money subscribed by Bedford School.

We got away very early in the morning of the 23rd. It was rather rough crossing the bar, and, after a long run, the captain found that the steel plates of the *Charles Janson* affected the compass, so that we got somewhat out of our course, and only sighted Kongoni bar just before dark, too late to enter; so we anchored for the night outside. It came on to blow and rain furiously, and we were all very sea-sick. We could get no proper food cooked, and the only shelter we had was an awning, and the only way to get any rest was to fix ourselves tightly between packages, because of the rolling and tossing. We were all very glad to see daylight. We crossed the bar safely, although it was not very pleasant. At the mouth of the Kongoni river there are a few Portuguese houses, a French house, and a Dutch house, on a most uninviting piece of low land. The captain and I landed to see about a pilot, but we could not get the one we wanted, so had to put up with a young fellow who had not much knowledge of the river. We had a long talk with the Portuguese authority, who wanted to stop us because the paper was not properly signed; so the whole day was taken up, and we could not make a start up the river. We hired a barge from the Dutch house, and we had the Bedford boat in case of the *Somptseu* getting aground.

We started early on Christmas morning for our first trip up the Zambesi. We passed

through a narrow but deep stream, with nothing but thick mud and tall trees on each side. Then we came out into a nice wide part of the river, which in some places was very pretty. Suddenly the *Somptseu* was turned to what looked like a bank of grass. She pushed her way through it; it was nothing more than a floating grass island, blocking up the channel. Then came a little hard work, for the *Somptseu* grounded, and we had to pass a rope to the shore and haul her off, and we had to prevent the two boats behind from running into the *Somptseu*. The land looked rich on each side, and a great deal of it under cultivation. Cotton was growing plentifully on the banks, and we saw many monkeys in the trees. Then we came out again into the open and wide river Zambesi. It was a fresh and grand sight for us all. We all enjoyed our Christmas, for here were fresh kinds of birds, hippopotami, and many new objects met our view. But we were very anxious about the journey, for we might stick fast at any moment on a sandbank. The ground was low and level on both sides, with the exception of ant-hills. Very tall grass hid the villages from our view, and we only knew of their existence by the people appearing at the water's edge, very much surprised at seeing such a large steamer. They rushed away in a great fright when I looked at them through the telescope, thinking it was a gun. We disturbed the repose

of the hippos, who did not like the look of us, for they were blowing and bellowing and leaping out of the water. It is astonishing to see how nimble they are, although such an immense size and such a great weight. We had a quiet night's rest, and were off again early the next day. Again and again we touched the bottom, and stirred up the sand. We were very anxious to reach Maruru (the African Lakes Company station) that day; but just as we sighted it we stuck hard and fast, and, the river being very wide just here, and many small sandy islands, it was very hard to find a proper channel, and the captain refused to go on without a proper pilot. We worked away until ten o'clock at night, trying to get her off the sandbank, first by hauling, and then by discharging her cargo into the boat and barge. Then she slid off, and we put up for the night, all tired out.

I went off very early the next morning in the boat to a half-cast Portuguese who lived at a small village some distance off. He and two of his men came and showed us the right channel. Just as we were going to start, the *Lady Nyassa* appeared, a small steamer belonging to the African Lakes Company, with Mr. and Mrs. Moir on board, going to the Kongoni mouth. They were very kind, and offered us every assistance; and, once in the right channel, we were soon at Maruru, where we decided to land the cargo and wait a second load before going up farther, be-

cause the river was rising rapidly. The cargo was carried up into the enclosure, which is a square formed by grass huts, belonging to the African Lakes Company. Mr. Simpson, who came out with Lieutenant Young as an engineer to the steamship *Ilala*, was in charge, and gave us some valuable information of the route and the people we should have to deal with on the lake. We had two reed and grass huts allotted to us, and the run of the whole compound. We soon made ourselves at home, putting up our camp bedsteads and making ourselves as comfortable as we could on the mud floor. We had no furniture beyond our boxes. We had just missed meeting Mrs. Foot * and her children, who were on their way to England *viâ* Zanzibar. Mr. and Mrs. Moir returned on the *Lady Nyassa* on the first of the new year, 1885. They kindly gave us a plum-pudding, so we were not altogether without a pudding at the proper time. Mr. Goodrich (consul *pro tem.*) returned from the *Quaqua* after seeing Mrs. Foot safely off. At Maruru we spent our time chiefly in trying to learn Chinyassa, and reading and writing. Creighton and I went over to the other side of the river, and had our first shot at some crocodiles, which were very numerous in a small creek. Mr. Simpson told us a sad story of how a man was caught by a crocodile very near there.

* Mrs. Foot, widow of the British Consul, Captain Foot, R.N.

It appears that the man was sitting in a canoe, lapping up the water with his hand, when a crocodile suddenly seized his hand, and dragged him into the water. His brother, seeing him, to the great risk of his own life, jumped into the water, caught him by his other hand, and tried to save him. But the crocodile pulled them both into the middle of the river, and often pulled them under the water. The poor man kept calling out to his brother to hold on to his hand, but at last he had to leave him and swim to the shore to save his own life, and the crocodile went off with his prey.

The river was steadily rising every day, and there were heavy thunderstorms all around. We had one or two heavy ones, so there was great hopes of our proceeding up the river in the *Somptseu* as far as Katunga's. The sky was often very beautiful at sunset, but the days were very hot—90° in the shade, and 85° at sundown.

January 9th.—The *Somptseu* arrived at about 4 p.m., with Mr. Callaghan and the second cargo on board. We arranged that Mr. Alley and I should go up at once with that load, while Creighton and Robinson remained at Maruru; Mr. Goodrich and his men also going up as passengers to Blantyre.

January 10th, 1885.—Mr. Alley and I went up the river in the *Somptseu*, leaving Mr. Creighton and Mr. Robinson at Maruru, because we were

not sure how far we could get up, and where we might be landed. Besides, we should have been overcrowded on the steamer, as we had Mr. Goodrich and his men as passengers. We found plenty of water, and made very good progress.

MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

In about an hour we came to Mrs. Livingstone's grave,* which is under a very large baobab tree,

* "Mrs. Livingstone's grave," writes Mr. Creighton, "stands back from the river about two hundred yards, on a slight hill, under a large baobab tree (twenty-six yards in circumference). It is made of bricks, with a wooden cross at the head. It is kept niee and clear of grass, but the bricks are in rather a dilapidated state for want of a bit of lime. The house is standing yet, and was occupied as an outpost by the Portuguese, but they ran away from it down to Maruru during the Machingeri war."

near a Portuguese house, on the south bank of the river. It looks very pretty. The country here is much higher and more thickly wooded than on the north side, which is open and flat. The river winds and turns, constantly bringing us to such spots as would delight the artist's eye. But unfortunately I am not one; but I love to see such sights as these; they seem to lift one's thoughts to something higher. In some places the river is very wide, and there are a great number of channels, and small sandy islands. We passed a lot of canoes, and two Frenchmen going up to Sena. They had just camped for the night on the bank. Their travelling was much worse than ours, although ours was unpleasant enough; for, after anchoring at sundown just at the mouth of the River Shiré, and, getting the lamps lighted, we were about to take our evening meal, when swarms of flies filled the place, putting out the lights, covering the food, and driving us from the table. Then numerous mosquitos came, and did their best to keep us awake. We were in a narrow channel, with tall reeds on each side, which hid completely the country beyond, except just the top of the Morambala Mountains.

We were up early the next morning, and found quite a little island hanging to our anchor chain, formed by small floating cabbages of a light green colour. They seemed to have little air-chambers to keep them afloat. Their roots

always go with the stream, and keep a little ahead of the plant; these often get massed together with other grasses, and form small islands, which often block up the channel. We now entered into Morambala marsh, with the Morambala Mountains on the north-east, and miles of marshy plain on the opposite side. Navigation became more difficult here, on account of the narrow channel, swift current, and rocks. Some of the turnings were so sharp, and the current so swift, that the *Somptseu*, with the Bedford boat behind, had hard work to make headway. We were very anxious to get through this marsh in one day, as it was very unhealthy, and so bare and dreary that it became monotonous. We went on until after dark, but could not get out of it. The birds in this marsh are countless. We saw Egyptian geese, spur-winged geese, crested cranes, a very large slate-coloured heron, which flew away "with measured beat and slow," and ibis, pelicans, kingfishers, small white cranes, cormorants, wild ducks, and many other birds. This is a very large marsh, with many creeks and small lakes. Here we saw a party of fishermen. They fish at night with lights. They catch a very large mud-fish, which they open and clean, and dry in the sun. During the day it must be dangerous work, for the river is full of crocodiles. The men build themselves small huts of reeds over the water, and there sit and spear their fish. When each man

has got a good load, they take them inland and exchange them for other things. Mr. Goodrich,

ASCENDING THE ZAMBESI

the first mate, and the engineer were sick going through this marsh. I was very anxious about our party, but they all kept wonderfully well.

The Morambala Mountains are very high, and thickly wooded up to the top. We could see one or two small waterfalls shining like silver in the sunlight. We were now getting into the mountainous country on each side, and far away into the distance were mountains of various heights and shapes.

The next day brought us well on our journey, and we passed a large village called Zingarri. The natives rushed out to see us, so surprised to see such a large steamer so far up the river. We came to another large village, Mpassa's, and the people ran down to tell us that the chief was there, and desired to see us; but the captain and Mr. Callaghan thought it best to push on with all speed. But soon after, however, we grounded, and, after trying hard for some time to get off, we were obliged to put up for the night.

January 14th.—We found ourselves afloat, for the force of the water had cleared the sand from under us, and we were able to move back into deeper water. The captain now refused to go on any further, for fear of getting fast again, and we could not say "Go on," because, if we got fast and the water decreased, we should be running a great risk of having to pay for the *Somptseu* until the next rainy season; so we decided to return to the village just below Mpassa's. Just before starting, the *Lady Nyassa* appeared. She came alongside, and Mr. Harkis, who was in

charge, said it was not safe for us to venture up any farther, because it was so very shallow. Even the *Lady Nyassa* had touched in many places coming down. It was very disappointing, as we wanted to get up as far as the Ruo. We wanted Mr. Harkis to change his cargo for ours, and to take it up to Katunga's while we took his to Maruru; but he could not do this on his own responsibility, and it was only the second trip of the *Lady* since the Makololo war, and the African Lakes Company had a great many loads at Maruru and Quillimane for Blantyre and the lake; so we turned about and went down to the village. I sent off John Hamisi at once to explain the reason of our passing the chief, and to ask him if he could come off to the steamer, for we should want to put up at his village, and have one or two houses. Hamisi returned with the chief. This was our first interview with Dr. Livingstone's old servant, the noted Ramakukan, who is now chief of all this part of the country, right up as far as the Upper Shiré beyond Matope, where we hoped to build our steamer, so it was very important that I should see him and make friends with him. I explained why we passed yesterday, for at first he was not pleased at our doing so. I told him we were strangers in the country, and did not know that he was there. He at once let us have two huts in the village, and told his under chief to take us in, and look after us as his guests. We

engaged several of his men to help to unload the steamer, and to carry the loads into the village, which is about five minutes' walk from the river. So we landed everything first, which was done by having a rope from the bow of the *Somptseu*, to an anchor on shore, with a running block on the Bedford boat, so with the current she ran to and from the shore very easily, and we were able to unload in a very short time when once we were started. It took a long time to agree, and get the people to work. Some wanted cloth, others beads, and some were not satisfied with their pay. We always find it best to make an agreement with the natives before they begin work, on what they must expect.

January 15th.—We finished unloading the *Somptseu* early, and she returned to Quillimane with Mr. Callaghan. Mr. Alley and I kept the people at work, carrying the loads up into the village, and packing them up in a heap in front of our hut, and putting a large oil sheet over them. Then we put up our tent, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could in a native village. Mr. Goodrich and his men had another hut. He was still very unwell. The sun was very hot, and the village so close; at times it was almost unbearable. It lay very low, and was shut in with a high fence and thickly wooded country just beyond. The rainy season was not quite over, and we had

some very heavy thunderstorms, which were very unpleasant, as we were living in a tent. The natives round here salute one another by clapping their hands, and when a party of them meet, there is a tremendous noise with their clapping ; and a great many of them, both men and women, smoke the Indian hemp and opium. We had one man next door to us who was an habitual smoker, and gave us several times during the day, commencing sometimes at five in the morning, a lively entertainment of sneezing, coughing, and shouting, which was caused by the smoking of these herbs ; and sometimes he would be almost crazy with it, and commence quarrelling and fighting with his wives and neighbours.

January 16th.—We had the chief in to see us, and we gave him a present of a mosquito-curtain, and a few other things ; and I asked him if his people could help us to take up our loads in canoes. He said he would be willing that they should do so, but feared they were busy just now in their gardens. We had a long talk about the first Mission party. Bishop Mackenzie, and all the names, he knew very well. I told him we were Bishop Mackenzie's followers. Then he said, "I know you are good people," and was very glad to see us. Mr. Alley and I spent some of our time in opening the large cases, and making up their contents into small loads for the overland trip.

17*th.*—Scarcely any food to be got here, for the late war had cleared the whole country, and many of the natives were living on grass seeds. We had nothing but preserved potatoes and chicken. The potatoes were mouldy, and the chicken scarce. We only got a very little rice from the natives, and we had no flour to make bread. We wanted more red beads instead of cloth to barter with them. We had a lot of rain, too much for the natives; so they held a council, and Indian hemp was forbidden to be smoked, or else smoked indoors without making any noise. It was a great relief to us. Each one had to make a little present to the chief, and they had a ceremony over the graves of their ancestors.

21*st.*—The *Lady Nyassa* arrived with Messrs. Creighton and Robinson. Mr. Robinson and I went on to Blantyre in the *Lady Nyassa;* and also Mr. Goodrich and his men. We wished to push on to see Mr. Moir, and see what he could do in helping us to get our loads up the river. Mr. Creighton remained behind to take my place at Mpassa's. We did not make much progress in the *Lady Nyassa;* the recent rains had swelled the river, and the current was so swift, and the wood was very wet, so that we could not keep up steam. We slept a few miles from Bishop Mackenzie's grave, which is near the mouth of the Ruo.

22*nd.*—We passed the Ruo, and a very large

village, where we stopped and bought a lot of firewood, which the natives had already cut in pieces of about two and a half feet long, and piled up in long rows about three feet high. This is all bought with unbleached calico ; they measure the calico the length of the row, and tear it off, and the bargain is struck. They also had a lot of chickens, and baskets of Kafir corn-flour, tomatoes, and sweet potatoes to sell. We then went off into what is called the Elephant Marsh, because a great number of elephants are often seen there, and the chief of the country will not allow them to be shot without special permission. Here again the river was very narrow at places, and a great number of birds, hippopotami, and crocodiles. Only a very few trees are to be seen ; it is all tall grass and thick reeds for several miles. Then we came to a grove of Borassus palms. We were nearing the Blantyre Mountains.

23*rd*.—We arrived at another large village of the late Chipatula, who is buried in a house in the village, covered over with a lot of cloth, which is their idea of paying respect to the dead. It was here that the *Lady Nyassa* was sunk in the last war, and her cargo and fittings taken. Here again we bought a lot more firewood, and went on up to Katunga's, arriving there about twelve o'clock on the 24th. We met Mr. F. Moir here, the acting manager of the African Lakes Company ; also Mr. D. Buchanan and his

brother John, who were on their way home to Scotland. We stayed a Sunday here, and Mr. J. Buchanan preached to the people in Chiyao. Mr. Moir was not able to help us to bring up our cargo till after the *Lady Nyassa* had made two more trips to Maruru and back. So we decided to go up to Blantyre and wait the return of the *Lady Nyassa.*

We started for Blantyre at 6 p.m. on Monday the 26th. Mr. Moir had his donkey, and we took turns in riding. We first passed through a great many cornfields, and then over a plain, until we came to some mountains that were very steep. It was very hot walking, with the high grass on each side. The road up the mountain was very winding, to escape the bad places and ravines. It was very pretty, looking back upon the plain and the River Shiré, which could be seen for many miles; and it was very interesting, because we were on the same road that Bishop Mackenzie and his men travelled over. We arrived by moonlight at a village near where they first met the slave-caravan. Here we put up for the night, having two houses, one for ourselves and one for the donkey, because lions often follow the donkey; once before, a lion attacked the donkey when tied up outside amongst the people. There were with us a great number of carriers with loads belonging to the African Lakes Company, which the *Lady Nyassa* had brought up. They looked

very strange by moonlight, with their little fires, roasting their cobs of Indian corn, and cooking their food, and some smoking, and all jabbering and making a tremendous noise.

AFRICAN WAIF.

CHAPTER III.

THE OVERLAND JOURNEY.

Walk to Blantyre—Hospitality of the Scotch missionaries—News of Mr. Johnson's illness—Leopards—Arrival of the Rev. Frere and released slaves—House-building—Hippopotamus-catching—Getting ready for the overland journey—Boy carried off by a crocodile—Hiring carriers—Loads being sent off—Road-making—Large herd of elephants—Trouble with villagers—Bellingham has to take charge of the expedition—Graves of former missionaries—Last part of the road—Abundance of game—Matope—They commence building the steamer.

HE party had now arrived at Katunga's, the point where the River Shiré becomes too rapid and dangerous to admit of further progress, and it was necessary to land all the cases and bales, and endeavour, by the assistance of the natives, to carry them over about seventy miles of hilly and wooded country, so as to strike the River Shiré again at Matope's, above the rapids, where it was proposed to put the steamer together, and from whence they could steam

straight into the lake. But at this juncture a serious disappointment befell them. The Rev. W. P. Johnson, the leader of the expedition, and the only man who knew the route, had gone to Zanzibar to consult the bishop, and was now on his way to rejoin the party, when he was suddenly seized at Mozambique by an attack of ophthalmia, and the inflammation spread so rapidly that in twenty-four hours he was totally blind. Hard indeed it seemed for him to be arrested and sent home again just as he was beginning to reap the fruits of his years of patient preparation. He had to return at once to England to be placed under the care of the best oculists, as the only chance of saving his eyes, and to spend months in a darkened room instead of with his fellow-workers on the Shiré and the lake. When the news of Mr. Johnson's illness reached Zanzibar, the bishop (C. A. Smythies, D.D.) started at once to conduct the expedition in his place, taking with him Mr. and Mrs. Swinny, but it was long before they could catch up the party on the river, and, as we shall see, the steamer was nearly finished before the bishop arrived. The leadership of the party, therefore, virtually fell upon William Bellingham, and it will be seen from his diary how onerous a task it was.

We started the next morning at quarter-past five, and felt the difference in the temperature already, and could see the difference in the

cornfields; the mountains were covered with small trees, which were shady and nice. We were now up into the region of Masuka. There seemed to be very little animal life up here; we saw a few birds.

We got to the African Lakes Company stores at about half-past eleven. They call this place Mandala, which means "glass," because Mr. Moir wears spectacles. It is a very nice place; a nice house, and large buildings, and we had a pretty little cottage for ourselves. Mr. Moir took us over to the Scotch Mission at Blantyre, which is about a mile and a half from here. The road is lined with blue gum trees (eucalyptus); they had grown to a great height, and seemed to flourish well. The mission station is very pretty; they had it nicely laid out, and everything in good order. A nice little church, and a large school with a great many day scholars and boarders; also a large carpenter's shop. The houses were well built, some of them with bricks made on the premises; large gardens, with all kinds of English vegetables; a good number of cattle, oxen, pigs, and goats; some of their oxen were trained to work in the carts; and a large plantation of coffee. Wheat, oats, and potatoes also grow there very well.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Henderson kindly offered all the assistance they could, and hoped we would make use of their hospitality. Mr. Henderson kindly took us to the top of a hill

near Mount Deronde, from whence we had a splendid view of the country round, and he pointed out Lake Shirwa, which you could just see in the distance; also Mount Zomba and the Milanji Mountains, and Magomero, where our first Mission party had their station. We could also see the Upper Shiré, with the Kirk Mountains behind. It was a beautiful sight, and spread out like a map before us several hundred feet below, and I thought as I looked on it, what a number in old England would enjoy such a sight!

I returned to Katunga's to meet the *Lady Nyassa* on the 4th. Mr. Moir lent me his donkey, so I did not feel the journey much, and was able to give my attention to the scenery and vegetation, because when walking you have to keep your eyes on the ground, for fear of tripping in the narrow path. I saw many fresh flowers, small, but pretty; and a great number of yellow everlasting flowers, wild grapes, and custard-apples, one or two aloes, and many different kinds of grasses; a few birds. I saw two or three hornbills and a woodpecker.

The *Lady Nyassa* arrived on the 7th, but no letters. Mr. Harkis said that he had heard that Mr. Johnson was ill at Quillimane, and that Mr. Frere and twenty men from Mbweni were at Maruru. There was no news of the *Somptseu.* I was disappointed in not getting any letters.

Mr. Callaghan was ill at Mpassa's. This state of things made me push off at once to Mpassa's, and we got nearly through the Elephant Marsh that same day. The next day, Sunday, we arrived at Mpassa's about midday. It is not usual for us to travel on Sundays, but, being an urgent case, we thought it advisable to go on. We found Mr. Callaghan much better; he had had a slight attack of dysentery, which made him look very weak. We had the English service together. Lions and leopards are very numerous here. A girl and a dog had been taken out of the village by a leopard since I was here last; and Mr. Callaghan showed us part of a dog up in a tree, that had been left by a leopard. It must have made a leap about twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, with the dog in its mouth.

9*th*.—We started early, getting on board the *Lady Nyassa* first the parts of the boiler, the mast, and other heavy pieces. We got a good cargo on board. We started, and went past the Ruo that same day. On the 10th we got through the Elephant Marsh. On the 11th we arrived with our first load at Katunga's, and heartily glad I was to get it so far safely. Mr. Moir and Mr. Robinson were waiting for us. We unloaded and stowed it safely away. Leaving Robinson in charge, I returned at once to Mpassa's, to get news of the s.s. *Somptseu* and Mr. Johnson.

We arrived early on the 13th, and found that the *Somptseu* had been, and also that Mr. Frere and a Miss Walker, of the Blantyre Mission, and the Zanzibar porters had arrived. The *Somptseu* had been up to Mozambique with Mr. Johnson, who had been very ill with his eyes, and likely to lose his sight. The *Lady* went on with the mails and a sick man from Blantyre. This sudden and sad news of Mr. Johnson began to make one feel anxious. The *Somptseu* is expected back from Maruru with her last load on Monday. And Miss Walker is our guest till the *Lady* returns. She had one of our large tents, and made herself very comfortable and agreeable. It quite cheered up our party having a lady amongst us in such an out-of-the-way place, and in such an uncomfortable situation as a native village is. I put up a little shed in a corner under a tree near our huts, which we used as a dining-hall. Mr. Alley put up a table by driving stakes into the ground, and placing on them some boards off a packing-case. He also made two strong chairs; then with boxes we managed very well. Our dining-hall was cool, but public, and we often had lookers-on. Our cook was a very poor hand, and gave us very little change; he turned out to be a thief, and got into some other trouble, and we were obliged to discharge him.

Mr. Callaghan gave us a nice change by shooting a young antelope, and the natives had

killed a hippopotamus, which had got very high and scented the whole village. One of the

EAGLE ON A HIPPOPOTAMUS TRAP.

chiefs also was very troublesome, and J. Hamisi, our faithful head man, was often up all night watching the goods for fear of thieves. We had all our calico and handkerchiefs packed away in a hut near. And the chief who was next us, and in whose hands Ramakukan had left us, was very good and faithful; he often was up at nights with Hamisi. We were told that they catch the hippopotami with barbed spears and rope. A party go out just before dark, and, with these spears and lots of strong cord made of green bark stripped off trees and twisted together, they go and wait, hidden in the long grass, near where the hippopotami get out of the river, and then two or three of them thrust these spears into the beasts, while others run with the ends of the ropes to a tree and make them fast.

15*th.*—The *Somptseu* arrived early (Sunday) with her last load. Mr. Callaghan came on shore, and we had a service, which Mr. Frere took.

16*th.*—We were all much put out and perplexed because not one of us got any letters. However, when we began to unload, we found them in a box of Mr. Johnson's. We all set to work and unloaded; then wrote our mail, for we had now finished with the *Somptseu.* The Bedford boat sank once with a large cargo; fortunately it was near the shore, so that nothing was lost.

Our Mbweni men were useful here, and we had the trucks together, so it was not half the trouble to unload as before. We cut a road up to the village, so that we could use the trucks.

Mr. Callaghan rigged up himself a wonderful contrivance between two poles, for his hammock. Rats were numerous, especially at night. They ran up and down our tents, making a dreadful noise, nibbling everything, and laughing; for these rats here make a noise very much like a laugh, as if they quite enjoyed keeping you awake. Once or twice we had a hyæna after the dogs in the village, just outside of our tent.

We went on making up our large loads into small ones, and the Mbweni men got the trucks and rope ready for the overland journey.

21*st.*—The *Lady Nyassa* returned. Miss Walker, Mr. Callaghan, and Mr. Frere went on; also ten men with Charles Nasibu to mend the road between Katunga's and Mandala.

We were very glad to get rid of them, for it is so unhealthy down here. Mr. Alley was getting very weak and bad; I had a little fever; and the people of the village out near the Zambesi fighting.

25*th.*—Mr. Alley bad again. Mr. Callaghan and I went out shooting, and saw two zebra, but did not get a shot.

26*th.*—The *Lady* back. We at once set to work and got a large cargo on board, and she started off by three p.m., Mr. Alley going up

sick. The village people had a small fight amongst themselves, one poor girl, who had been captured from the village they went to the other day, keeping up a pitiful cry.

27*th.*—Mr. Callaghan very sick, and looks very bad.

28*th.*—We got down other loads ready for the return of the *Lady.*

February 4*th.*—She arrived; in turning a sharp corner she had run against the bank, smashing her paddle-box, which caused a delay. We loaded up, and started at half-past twelve. I went up with the rest of the Mbweni men, so that I could start them on the overland journey. We slept near the Ruo. Made very slow progress, and the engines broke down, and the firewood very green.

We arrived at Katunga's on the 7th; found all well.

9*th.*—Mr. Frere and Alley, with the teachers, went on to Blantyre, and about a hundred loads of the steamer. We are getting short of cloth, and our beads have not arrived. One of the steamer's boys, going home on Saturday night, was passing through a stream, when a crocodile caught him and carried him off. The *Lady* going on to Maruru, we sent letters to England and Zanzibar.

Carriers came day after day, but we could not agree as to price, so they went off. They are very artful; because we are strangers, and

they see a lot of loads, they try very hard to get all they can out of you, and refuse the accustomed pay. The only way was to hold out, and they gradually came back. Nearly a hundred people came one day, and all refused to carry.

On the 12th I got off fifty-six loads (sheet iron and boxes). The trucks went off with a load of the very heavy pieces. It was very nice now, seeing piece after piece go off. And people were coming in much better, more willing to carry, although it was very trying work starting them. Each one would take up several pieces before he was satisfied; then he would be a long time arguing about the price. Often they would come back and refuse to carry it for the price agreed. We had men with their wives and families come down to carry, a man and his wife carrying a sheet iron between them, and each child a load according to its size. Each twenty or thirty had a head man to look after them, and he carried a gun, also a list of their names, and marks of the load. Fifty-six pounds for one fathom (two yards of cloth), was about the rate of pay, and they had to carry that from twenty-five to thirty miles, uphill good part of the way. Katunga came in, and wanted me to let his people carry it up; he would soon get it up for us, he said. But I knew too well that to be tied to one chief in such a way would not do, and he would lead us some fine games,

and require a good many presents before it was done.

Saturday, 14*th*.—The trucks got back. Loaded them up ready for starting early on Monday.

15*th*.—Swahili service with the men.

16*th*.—Mr. Robinson and I got off a few more loads, and paid a few that had returned. The trucks started early, and I went after them when we had finished breakfast, for I wanted to see how they went, and to see if they could do a trip in a shorter time, so that I should know how many days to give them for a trip up and down. I caught them up on the first mountain, which is very steep, so that they had to haul foot by foot. And we got to "Maji-ya-Bangu," a small mountain stream in a gorge where a great number of bamboos and reeds grow, and lots of ferns. It is a very cool and pleasant spot to rest at; here we put up for the night. I slept in the open, with just my waterproof sheet and blankets.

Started early next day, after Swahili prayers with the men. It was very hard work, and rained nearly all day; but the men worked well, singing as they went, sometimes up steep little places where they had to haul along, sometimes flat pieces, then uphill again, with quite a little river on the road in some places.

The men whom I sent up to mend the road before the loads arrived at Katunga's, had repaired several bridges and cut down some

grass, so that it was much improved. We got to "Mbewe" for the night; put up my tent, and it rained all night.

Everything was wet through, and the men could have no fire also; it was so cool that they had no sleep, having no shelter, and only their mats to cover themselves with. We started early, and glad to make a move on. Got to Mandala at 4 p.m. Here the men rested, unloaded, and got ready to start back. Mr. Alley was much better. Mr. Frere was well, and all the boys.

Mr. Moir was very kind; went up and dined with them, and spent the evening there.

Blantyre Mission offered again their oxen; but a white man would have to go with them, the road being so steep that they would not have been much better than our trucks and men.

We got back to Katunga's on the 20th, and loaded up ready to start. The *Lady* was back, and ready to go for our last load. I sent off both trucks, eighteen men to each; they took a quarter of the boiler each, with two large carpenter's tool-chests and two boxes of rivets. I went in the *Lady* back to Mpassa's. We found all well, and a load down on the bank ready. We loaded up, got all on board. Mr. Callaghan slept ashore, but all the rest on board. It was a heavy cargo, and some of it very awkward. We had very little room left for sleeping, and as we had the ribs (angle-irons)

on the deck, there was no room to move about much by day; still, we were glad to get away from Mpassa's. We saw about two hundred elephants in the marsh, a long distance off, and made very good progress up the river.

We had a passenger going up to see if he could get work at Mr. Moir's; an American, who was noted for his ill-usage to natives, and got us into a great trouble at Chakusi's village. We had stopped for the night alongside of the bank, as we usually did, to buy wood, and our crew had gone up into the village to see some of their friends. We had finished tea, and preparing for bed, when one of the crew returning from the village, not seeing our passenger, ran against him, or something very slight, when he jumped up and knocked him in the river. Fortunately, the boy got out safely; but it was dangerous, for the crocodiles might have caught him. He went straight up into the village, called a party together, told them, and they came down in a furious rage. The crew would not come on board, and refused to go any further. The villagers said they would kill him, and we were in danger of having our cargo all shot into the river, and no end of damage done.

It took a lot of talking and persuasion to quiet them down; even then we did not get any sleep. Mr. Harkis got his crew to promise to come back and take us up to Katunga's. Glad

we were to get off the next day without any more damage. We arrived at midday. Mr. Robinson was down with fever. The Mbweni were back from Mandala; one truck broken down. I got letters from Zanzibar and England; Mr. Johnson is going to England in hopes of saving his sight. Letter from the bishop, asking me to take charge, and push on to Matope. Mr. Robinson had got off several loads while I was away.

March 28th.—I got off one hundred loads. All the sheet irons, angle-irons, deck-boards, and parts of the boiler were up; another good party of carriers will finish the lot. Mr. Robinson still very sick; all the rest keep very well. We are running short of cloth, and our beads have not arrived.

31*st.*—*Lady Nyassa* started for Maruru, taking mails and Mr. and Mrs. Scott for England. Mr. Callaghan went on to Mandala. Mr. Robinson better. Mbweni men went off with light loads, and got back on the Thursday afternoon.

Good Friday.—Down with fever. Had short Swahili service with the men. On Easter Monday I went across the river with some of our men to see the graves of Mr. Scudamore and Dr. Dickenson; tried to take a photograph of them and the chief Mhita, who is one of the last that was with the first Mission party. He was a strange old man, and offered me a drink of "pombe" beer out of an old oil-tin. He

told us several stories about the Mission and Magomero. One thing seemed to strike him most was that Mr. Waller bathed in the river, and took us to the place where he did so.

April 7th.—Some thirty more loads went off, and the trucks. Mr. Callaghan down with fever. Robinson gone up to Mandala. I had several days of fever. Mr. Callaghan had been very ill at Mandala.

14*th.*—Mr. Read, the engineer, arrived with a blacksmith from Zanzibar. Suzi also came up, together with the two boys who went with Mr. Johnson from Quillimane to Mozambique. I was nearly shot by accident with my own gun; the bullet entered the centre pole of the house.

20*th.*—Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Read went on up to Mandala. I stopped to see the last of the loads, got them off a few at a time, and the trucks were sent off again with the last pieces.

23*rd.*—Down with fever. Mr. Read had been down also, and all were much better on the hills.

I left Katunga's on the 27th for Mandala; nearly walked it in one day. Messrs. Callaghan, Read, and Robinson had left for Matope with about ninety loads. Agreed to take the African Lakes Company docks and houses at Matope.

28*th.*—Mr. Frere and some of the boys went on to Matope.

29*th.*—I followed with Mr. Alley. Met Mr. Frere bringing Mr. Callaghan back ill; took him into Blantyre. Got off a lot more loads to

Matope, and left Mr. Creighton in charge, and to send on the loads as people came for them.

The road to Matope is much easier than the one to Katunga's. First we passed through Blantyre Mission; then round the hills, going down gradually, across several streams, and very pretty; then we got down on to a plain, uninhabited, covered with small trees and long grass. There are lots of game on this plain—elephants, buffaloes, and all kinds of antelopes. It was a long walk, and I was weak from so much fever that we were very glad to get in to Matope.

The road was very bad at places, and would take a lot of clearing before our trucks could make much way. All around (*Matope* means "mud") it is very flat and muddy; the houses are close to the river, and the dock was but a mud-hole. There was a lot of clearing to be done, and the dock had to be cleaned out. The water had to be ladled out with buckets, which took several hands a long time.

We had one large house, a small one, and the tent, with a forge and work-shed near the dock. We felt very different here, for this was to be our home for some time, and here we hoped soon to have the steamer put together.

May 18*th.*—Read laid the keel—first step towards the building—and we went out into the forest and cut some trees for the dock.

19*th.*—A few of the ribs were fixed in their places.

20*th.*—A part of the keel was riveted. The s.s. *Ilala* started for the lake, and several loads arrived from Mandala. Mr. Alley put up a bench and a shed for himself.

22*nd.*—I took several men and went up to meet the trucks, for they were to bring down some of the bulkheads, which were wanted; we went as far as the Mlambi. The men had been having rough work to get them down, and we cut away as we went. About fifty men got back by moonlight, bringing four bulkheads, one box of rivets, and some coal. The building of the steamer has begun now, and quite a pleasure it is to see each day how it grows into its proper shape.

THE SHIRE, AND "CHARLES JANSON" AT MATOPE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUILDING OF THE STEAMER.

Progress of the steamer—The Angoni—Gun accident—Arrival of Mr. Swinny and the bishop—Hippopotamus shot—Disastrous fire—The party almost destitute—Kindness of African Lakes Company—Dedication of the steamer—Departure of the bishop—Buffalo-hunting—Hippopotami and their ways.

WE have now traced the passage of the *Charles Janson* as far as Matope, on the Upper Shiré, *i.e.* above the Murchison Falls, where the river deepens again sufficiently to admit of navigation.

The party had now (May, 1885) reached the point at which the steamer would have to be constructed, and the first thing necessary was to make a dock in which to put her together. Here again the African Lakes Company was of considerable assistance, and its dock and sheds (used in the construction of the *Ilala*) were rented by the Mission.

But perhaps, in order to understand clearly what took place afterwards, it may be well to pause for a moment in the narrative, and review the position that they now found themselves in. They had come some six thousand miles by sea; then some four hundred miles by toilsome journeys in canoe or steamer. Vexatious delays and severe labour had told heavily upon them, and all the party had had already several attacks of fever. But they had now left the swampy districts behind them, and it was a great matter for thankfulness that the steamer had been brought through them without loss of life.

But a very serious difficulty now presented itself. When the party assembled at Matope, they found themselves, as we have seen, without a leader. The bishop could not possibly reach them for two months, and only one of the party (William Bellingham) had had any previous experience of African travelling.

A not untrue reproach has been cast upon missionary literature, on the ground that, until late years at least, it failed to give a true idea of missionary work. Reports were condemned as being mere collections of statistics, and therefore uninteresting; magazines as containing nothing but collections of anecdotes, often suspiciously coloured, and incidents intended only to stir the sympathies and touch the pockets of the readers. Of course, a matter upon which every one fancies himself able to give an opinion, is often judged

unjustly from outside, and the editors of missionary magazines insensibly do fall into a style of writing, as though they were concerned only with those who are already interested, and for only a transient purpose. Some, no doubt, would feel very guilty if they realized that their productions may be quoted hereafter as illustrating the real state of Christian missions in the nineteenth century.

But of late years, not only has interest in missions immensely increased, it has also become more intelligent. It is no longer occupied supremely with the conversion of individuals. It has a more general range, which includes the narrower without obscuring its importance. The founding of native churches, the organizing and training of native ministers, the attacking of large centres of influence and population,—these are the subjects which chiefly stir an educated audience on the question of foreign missions. But this is, in fact, an approximation to Apostolic methods of working, and a result of the increased sense of the corporate life of the Church, which is one of the brighter aspects of modern Christianity.

Surely, then, the model for all missionary narratives must be the inspired records of the Bible. Though we recognize, as an effect of inspiration, the skill with which turning-points of character and history are there seized upon, and the way in which details are used to illustrate

such points, we may still imitate it as far as we are able. For the Acts of the Holy Apostles is the inspired account of the laying of those foundations, of which all missionary work is the continuous development. Looked at in this way, the most unpretending article in a missionary magazine becomes the record of some act of Divine Providence in extending some department of the great scheme of Redemption; and the writer takes upon himself the responsibility of transmitting to posterity the human aspect of some course of action in the founding of that city whose Maker and Builder is God.

There must be, then, no hiding of faults, or mistakes, or errors of judgment, for he writes as much for the warning as for the encouragement of those that come after; and, above all, no consideration of what may attract or repel the interest of the reader, but only great care that he may not misrepresent those whose actions he is concerned with.

It is, therefore, necessary to acknowledge that the trying state of affairs on the River Shiré resulted in considerable dissensions among the little party. It has been said that the curse of African travelling, exploring, and campaigning is the tendency to quarrels. "This," says the same authority,* "is the direct effect of the influence of miasma, and any great outbreak of it

* "Remarks on African Fever," by the Rev. H. Waller, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.

is a sure indication that fever-poison is pretty actively engaged. A man who is open to conviction, who will bear being told that he is really unreasonable and cantankerous, will mix two pills for himself at once, and most likely escape an attack of fever."

Remembering this, while we record the fact, we must exercise the utmost charity, and fear to blame the noble and earnest men who, amid their difficulties and failings, carried through the work. We would rather see in it an evidence of the grace of God, that those unavoidable dissensions were so restrained by the sense of the importance of their common work, that they never led to any open rupture, and that the bolts of the *Charles Janson* were riveted as firmly and as conscientiously as though she had been built at home, and under the most favourable circumstances. If this should meet the eyes of those who were engaged in this enterprise, and who found their vent in grumbling letters to the authorities of the Mission, they will feel now how insignificant were the points of difference compared to the great aims which, in spite of all, kept them really united all through this trying time.

The behaviour of the Christian natives from the school and Released Slave Settlement at Mbweni, was most satisfactory. Again and again the letters mention them; they proved of the greatest assistance throughout, and were, as

one of the writers puts it, "wonderfully good." After three months of steady work, the *Charles Janson* was complete, except the boiler. This had already, from the great weight of its portions, caused trouble and anxiety, and it was destined to become the cause of a further catastrophe.

But we may now leave William Bellingham to tell the story of the building of the steamer in his own words.

May 25th, 1885.—I went up again to Blantyre. Mr. Callaghan much better. Had letters; one from the bishop, saying that he and Mr. Swinny were coming up soon; also Mrs. Swinny and the child. When I got back to Matope, they had had a fire—the blacksmith's forge burnt down, and several things destroyed belonging to the African Lakes Company, and to our porters. *29th.*—All the ribs and plates bolted on in their place. And most of the loads down here; not anything lost as yet. We all had our turns at fever. We often went out to shoot game. Mr. Frere often got enough to keep us supplied with fresh meat. We built a small church and storehouse. The Kiungani boys, who came up as teachers and helpers, are riveting, with some natives as "holders up."

June 6th.—All the plates in their places, and some riveted. Mr. Read was not very well, and went up to Blantyre for a change. Got a house ready for the bishop and party. S.s.

Ilala took some of our letters up to the lake in mistake, which we ought to have had three weeks ago. Very cold fogs every morning, and very hot all day. Lots of food coming in, and rumours of the Angoni coming. There had been lots of talk about their coming, and a little preparation had been made in case they should come.

These Angoni are a tribe of the Zulu, who have got up to the west coast of the Lake Nyassa. They carry shields, spears, and a club stick.

They are great enemies of the Wayao and those about Mandala and Zomba, driving them all up into the mountains, where a great many of them live, for fear of their enemies, amongst the rocks, and have their gardens down in the plains.

Went out shooting, and came across a herd of buffalo—from sixty to a hundred. A grand sight, but could not get one.

19*th.*—Riveting, and the coal-bunkers put in their place, and started putting on the deck-boards. She begins to look very much like a steamer now.

One of our men got a nice young buffalo, so we had lots of good fresh meat, and Mr. Frere (24th) brought in a good-sized water-buck. The mast arrived, with fifteen men carrying it. We kept having our turns of fever, but the work still went on. Mails arrived, and the bishop will not be here for another month. Three

elephants were shot close by. Mr. Creighton unwell at Mandala—slight touch of sunstroke.

July 3rd.—Putting on the deck; boys still riveting the sides.

7th.—Riveting nearly finished.

9th.—Mr. Read started putting the boiler together. Tried to take some photographs, but found all my plates spoilt by damp.

We had a little trouble with the village people. By an accident, a shot from a gun hit a woman and bruised her eye. The chief at once demanded the gun, powder, and shot, or he would come with his people and fight us. He sent word that we had better stop work and get this settled. So I went up with a man to see the chief, who was sitting amongst a crowd of his men; all their guns placed out, and making a great show. We saw the woman, and her eye was not damaged, and would soon get better. I refused to comply with his wishes, and said that it would have to be settled by the consul and Ramakukan. They then had a private talk about it, and said we must pay. I then offered to pay a woman to attend on her while she was getting better, also give her husband something; and, if he agreed to this, I would come back to him when they had decided.

They sent for me in about half an hour, and stated what they wanted; but I refused to give so much, and gave what I thought right. After a long talk, and great excitement, they gave in,

and I got the cloth and beads, and they were satisfied.

The woman soon got better. It was a pure accident, and they knew it, but wished to get all they could, and try to frighten us.

11*th.*—A good part of the deck bolted down, and all the boiler bolted together. The Angoni are said to be just across the river. It is difficult to get carriers, for fear of them, and some of our loads were left on the road; the carriers had run away. Went up to Blantyre. Food scarce for our men, and they have to go a long distance for it. Mr. Callaghan had been very bad, but much better; so he went to Matope with the porters, because they were afraid to go by themselves.

I stayed at Mandala a week, clearing up the few things that remained, and sent them off.

The Angoni are said to have returned, because of us and Mr. Moir. Mr. Goodrich went after them, and only saw a few of them. Got back to Matope on the 25th. Every one more or less sulky and cross, and things rather in a muddle. The trucks had broken down on the road; had to send more men to help them, and two of the teachers to take service with them. The engines are fixed in their places. Down with fever, and fearful headache.

July 13*th.*—The masts were put in their places. News that the bishop, with Mr. and Mrs. Swinny, is coming up the river.

August 5th.—Mr. Swinny arrived in his boat at Katunga's. Sent off men to carry up the boat. Painting the steamer. Bishop and party arrived at Blantyre. Mr. Frere and boys went up to meet them. Mr. Swinny and Mr. Callaghan got down to Matope on the 8th.

9th.—Mr. Swinny celebrated Holy Communion, the first we have had since we left Quillimane.

10th.—The first rivets put into the boiler. The bishop stopping to rest at Blantyre. Came down on the 11th. Very glad I was to get rid of the responsibility and the trouble that had been all through. He gave a nice address to us in the church after service.

12th.—The last of the steamer done. I then began to have a lot of fever.

15th.—Nearly all hands out shooting. Read got a zebra, and Mr. Frere got a water-buck, so we had lots of fresh meat. The zebra flesh was very nice ; the bishop liked it very much.

17th.—Bishop, Mr. Swinny, and Mr. Callaghan went in the s.s. *Ilala* to the lake. In bed all day with fever.

20th.—A man shot a hippopotamus up the river. It was on the bank, sleeping, when the man found it. He shot it through the heart, for it never got off its knees. It had been fighting with the others, for it had great pieces cut clean out of its thick hide. I went to see it cut up.

21*st*.—Went up to Blantyre again to settle with the African Lakes Company, and to get the accounts right for the bishop. Mr. Moir very busy with a lot of chiefs, getting them to sign papers for the British protectorate. Mr. Swinny's boat arrived overland — fifty-three men. Paid off a great many of our carriers, and sent down a lot of Mrs. Swinny's things, and got back to Matope.

28*th*.—Fire at Matope. Messrs. Read and Robinson were finishing off the riveting of the boiler, Robinson and a boy inside holding up. They were working under a small rough shed of poles and grass, as a protection from the sun, when it appears that a piece of the red-hot rivet flew up into the grass roof and lodged there ; a good breeze was blowing, which soon set it in a blaze. No one outside noticed it ; but Robinson, looking out to get a little fresh air, saw the fire, and called out to Read to put it out, when all at once it caught the whole roof. I was sitting in our large house, making up the accounts, when I heard Read call out, "Fire ! fire !" I rushed out with my hat, and left everything.

I saw at once that it would be a big fire, and called all hands. Robinson and the boy could not get out of the boiler, for the man-hole was up on the top. They were calling out, and the boy nearly went out of his mind. Robinson had to hold him down, and we could do nothing but throw water over the boiler to keep it cool. The

wind was so high, that the fire soon spread from house to house, and in a shorter time than it takes to write the account, all was in flames. The large house contained all our stores, provisions and cloth, my bed and all my things, Alley's bed and things, a lot of things belonging to the bishop, and, above all, the late Bishop Steere's pastoral staff, several guns, some gunpowder and cartridges, that kept going off, and making it dangerous work to go near. Alongside of this house Alley had his carpenter's shop and all his tools, and a heap of boards off the packing-cases, which made the boiler so hot that, after Robinson was out, you could hardly bear your hand on it; also a lot of the ironwork of the boiler, the timber, and anchor-chains got hot.

The boat, which was in the shade near the house, was nearly all burnt, and a tent, and all Mr. Callaghan's things. Then it went about a dozen yards to the church roof, set that alight, and a small store, with cabin, furniture, sails, ropes, etc. In a few minutes all was burnt to the ground, and the bishop, Mr. Swinny, and Mr. Callaghan got back from the lake just as we had given up throwing water over it. Mr. Callaghan had lost a lot of his things, Mr. Alley the same, and I had nothing but the shirt and trousers I had on.

I did not know what to do at first. I seemed to have lost my wits, for I jumped once into the

river, with a small hand-bowl; climbing on the roof, I fell and hurt my leg. The bishop was very good, and said how sorry he was; yet he sooner would see that than hear of one of the boys having committed a great sin.

Here we were thirty miles from any stores, and a large party — everything burnt; three of us burnt out of house and bedding. Mr. Morrison, of the s.s. *Ilala*, was very kind. He took us into their place for meals. Mr. Swinny went up at once to Mandala for stores. We got out a few things from the fire. Mr. Callaghan and I went and slept on board the *Charles Janson*, her cabins being quite ready. A boy, wishing to save some of my things, had run into the house, took up my blanket off the bed, and the two books which were on it (Bible and diary), run out, throwing them, as he thought, in a safe place several yards from the fire, when a spark must have set the blanket alight and partly burnt them all. Great praise is due to all who helped to put out the fire, both whites and blacks.

It was a strange feeling to be suddenly relieved of the care of a great quantity of property and possessions. In Africa every additional thing you have is an additional anxiety and a trouble; now I had nothing of my own, and not much of the Mission's, to be anxious about. The fear of thieves and the fear of fire had often been the cause of many a sleepless

night. Now I dreamt of fire; everything was black with fire and smelt of fire, and one got so sick of fire, that I shall never forget it. It was a strange sight the next day; and one would hardly believe what you can do without, and put up with, when obliged. We picked out a few things from the fire, and got them together. Our cups, plates, and basins, were of iron, so they did not get much damaged.

The "granite enamelled ware" stood fire very well, and we had lots of the things in very good condition after the fire.

We rigged up a kind of shelter with what there was left of two tents, and with casks and a spare sheet of the *Charles Janson* we made a table. It was hot work, having our midday meal there, and all our cooking had to be done outdoors on stones, in native fashion.

The bishop was very good, and took things in such a matter-of-fact way, not making the least trouble, and as if he had been used to this sort of thing for years.

We then had a meeting, and Mr. Morrison of the s.s. *Ilala* was asked to come. Then it was decided that we should get the steamer out of the dock into the river, so that the bishop could dedicate her to her work, and then go on his journey to Newala and Masasi. And the water in the river was getting lower every day, so that it was necessary that she should be afloat as soon as possible.

31*st.*—We set to work at once and cleaned out the dock—all our men, with every pick and shovel, pail and hoe, we could get together.

September 2nd. — All was ready for letting in the water, and the basin next the dock was cleaned and deepened. Mr. Moir kindly sent me down some second-hand clothes, Mr. Frere gave me one of his hats, and a pair of shoes they happened to have at the stores just fitted me ; so I was well off again for clothes for a short time. Mr. Alley was down with fever, but all the rest well. Mr. Callaghan was often down, and looked much weaker, but well enough to help us get the steamer out into the river. We had hard work to get her off the blocks, and all the men and boys were hard at work from morning till night throwing in water ; we did not get enough in one day. Mr. Swinny got back from Mandala with loads. The bishop talks of sending Mr. Frere and me up to the lake with the boys at once, to start the mission on Likoma. The steamer went out very well, and all were surprised to see what a little water she drew. Mr. Callaghan down again very bad with fever. Mr. Swinny's boat arrived.

6*th.*—Dedication of the *Charles Janson.* At 6 a.m. we had Swahili Holy Communion ; then breakfast ; English service ; then the dedication service, partly Swahili and partly English, for the sake of the mixed congregation. The steamer was covered over with awnings, and in the stern

part was placed the altar and harmonium. The bishop and all the boys and men met at the houses, and came in procession to the steamer, saying the Litany in English.

It was a strange but grand sight to see the bishop robed and all the natives in their clean white clothes winding their way through the black and dirty remains of the fire. The order was, the bishop, Mr. Swinny, Mr. Frere, the teachers, and Mbweni men. The sermon was in English, translated by Francis Mabruki into Swahili. We had several hymns, and I played the little baby organ. Altogether it was a very nice and impressive service.

A Mr. Foster was also with us, who is going overland with the bishop. He had been out elephant-hunting.

7th.—Suzi (Livingstone's old servant) and I started at once to pack up the provisions for the bishop's journey, and Mr. Foster having a great quantity of his own, it was very fortunate, because we were very short, and had to depend on the African Lakes Company stores. Started building a new house on the site of the old one, and looking over burnt things, Messrs. Read and Robinson finishing off the boiler. Mr. Swinny and I are to go up in the boat to Likoma with the boys. I am to build and start the mission, and Mr. Swinny will return to bring up the whole party in the steamer when she is finished.

10th.—The bishop and Mr. Foster, with all

Mbweni men as porters, started on their way across country to Newala and to Lindi. They started early, and went off in good style, Susi for head man.

11*th.*— Mr. and Mrs. Swinny arrived from Blantyre, and their baby. Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Frere both sick, and Mr. Alley not over-well.

Mrs. Swinny now took the housekeeping, which had been a great burden to me; Francis Mabruki took the outside work, so I was getting gradually free from my many duties, Read and Robinson finishing off the boiler.

13*th.*—I was down with fever—reaction from the quantity of work to mere nothing. Mr. Swinny and I got ready for our trip up to the lake. We hoped to start in a few days.

While at Matope building the steamer, we had good supplies of fresh meat. Mr. Frere often got guineafowl, and once or twice he came in with the tail of a water-buck, when we at once sent off men to bring in the meat. Our men also often went out on Saturday afternoons to hunt, and got us a buffalo. Twice they brought in young calves, which they had captured by running them down. I went out once to try my hand at that. I took with me a village man to act as guide, and a man who is a very good shot, and one who would not leave you if you got in any difficulty. He was our Zanzibar carpenter, "Sizamani," and I always felt safe with him, for he was very brave and daring, and

would not run at the first sight of an animal. He was once knocked down by a buffalo, but did not seem to feel any fear.

We went down south of Matope, and were soon on to a large herd of from sixty to one hundred of all sizes; but they were out in an open plain, with only short bushes and anthills to serve as covers; so we had to work round them, and then crawl on hands and knees up towards them. It was dangerous work, only three of us with such a number in the open; but we hoped to be able to frighten them, then chase them and catch one of their calves. Our village guide first troubled me, for he would stop and put the medicine on his gun. All natives, when going out shooting, have some charms, which they call medicine, to put on their guns; for they say they cannot kill without it, and they say that our medicine is stronger than theirs, that is the reason why we kill so many more animals. The next thing was, I came suddenly to two snakes, but glad to say they were more frightened than I, and slid off into the grass. It is not very nice to come to snakes when you are on your hands and knees, with a herd of buffalo in front of you. I kept my Sizamani friend near me, and the other man crawled down in another direction, to cut the herd off and keep them in the open. I then quietly peeped up and took my aim at an old bull who stood facing me, and hit him on the horn. We then all jumped

up and shouted, and ran as fast as we could after them, they keeping about twenty yards ahead, and the old bulls keeping between us and the cows and calves, so that we could not get at them. I wounded one or two, but not enough to stop them; then I so soon got winded that we were obliged to give up the chase.

Mr. Creighton gave us a treat one day, and shot a fine old wild pig, and Mr. Read a zebra. We quite enjoyed the zebra meat; it was very good. A good shot need never go short very long of meat near Matope, for the country is full of game.

We also had little adventures with the old hippopotami. They took just as much delight in chasing us in the boat or canoe as we took in trying to get a bullet into their hard heads. Eight were picked up dead down the river by the natives, that we must have hit and so badly wounded as to have caused them to die down on the falls. One old hippo was hit on the head with an elephant-bullet; it hit him, and the bullet glided off and went about thirty yards, and finally lodged itself in a native hut. They took a great dislike to the berthon* boat we had, which was very useful and handy. They must have thought it was one of their dead companions turned into use, for the colour and shape was something like it. Having so much dead meat and bones about, we had numbers of

* A painted canvas folding-up boat.

nightly visitors. Hyenas came and gave us some music, and a leopard once took a chase after Mr. Callaghan's dog, which escaped by running into Mr. Read's house and under his bed.

A MAGWANGWARA WARRIOR. (*See* p. 120.)

CHAPTER V.

TO LAKE NYASSA BY BOAT.

Start from Matope—A restless night—Elephants—Lake Pamalombe—Mponda's—Lake Nyassa at last—Livingstonia—They visit Makanjila's town—Coasting up the lake—Losewa—Nyassa villages—The grave of Charles Janson—Likoma—Difficulty in buying land—First attempts at missionary work—Departure of Mr. Swinny.

SEPTEMBER 17th, 1885.—Open-boat journey up to the lake. We had everything ready by 9 a.m. I had not much personal luggage, but had several loads of provisions and cloth, salt and beads, for money to buy food and to build the houses with at Likoma. Four teachers were to go with me, a cook, and another man to help in the building. Mr. Swinny had two boxes and a crew of four, so we had a boatful—twelve of us altogether. The boat is about thirty-two feet by six feet, and a splendid sailing-boat, rather heavy to pull. We had some native

paddles as well as the oars, for we had a stiff current to work against, and hippopotami to contend with.

The first day we got on very well, the river winding a very great deal. The sun was extremely hot, and we were fearfully cramped.

CAMPING OUT ON THE RIVER SHIRÉ.

We slept the night just below Pimbi, about eight miles from Matope, on a high bank. We had a good night, sleeping in the open. The next day we had a little wind to help us, and the river came out into wide, long reaches, with villages and cultivated land on each side; the mountains were much nearer, and Zomba looked

grand. The hippopotami were troublesome, and when we stopped for the night, they would not go away from us, but kept up a fearful noise, and jumping about as if they would so like to turn us over into the water and give us a bath. Mr. Swinny and I went out after some guineafowl, but only got one. We had just got comfortably settled down at our tea, when three lions set up a roar just about a stone's throw from us. Our boys and men made up the fires, and got a dead tree pulled across ; set it alight in three places to keep up all night. Mr. Swinny and I slept in the boat ; but, in fact, we did not get much sleep, for the old hippos in the water and the lions on the land kept us well awake nearly all night. But we got off early the next day, leaving the lions still roaring in the same place, not liking to go, and not liking to come nearer to us. We were fortunate and had a good wind, which helped us on well, although it was very trying, so cramped and so hot, and we were both seedy in the evening. The villagers had lots to sell, and the land seemed to be well cultivated. Tobacco, Indian corn, Kafir corn, rice, potatoes and pumpkins, bananas and beans, were to be had cheap ; also chickens and eggs.

On Sunday we were able to have service and Holy Communion in Swahili in Mr. Swinny's tent ; and we had to dry some of our handkerchiefs and cloth, which we had for money, which

had got a little wet in the bottom of the boat. We went a short trip in the afternoon, and got as far as the entrance of the Pamalombe lake.

While we were asleep, two elephants coolly came down just near us and crossed through the river; some of our men saw them; we saw their marks in the morning.

We started early, and, with a slight breeze, we got out into the Pomalombe lake, which is muddy, and from a fathom and a half to two fathoms deep; a number of little floating islands about on it; fish-eagles, cormorants, and pelicans were busy fishing. It was a wonderful sight, just below, to see the cormorants' nests and young. The trees in one place were simply covered, and hundreds of them were to be seen flying about, often in long curved lines, all in such order as if they were drilled to fly like it.

The lake is about eleven miles by eight or ten, with beautiful hilly country on the west side, with a marsh and high mountains on the east side, where is said to live a woman chief by the name of Kabutu (a girl). They pay tribute to the Magwangwara. The mouth of the river was difficult to find for reeds and grass, and it is on the north-east side, several miles from the extreme north of the lake. We got out, and were glad to have a rest, and had our meal on the bank of the upper river. We pushed on, and passed Mponda's village; Mr. Swinny promised to call on them on his way down.

We arrived at the mouth of the lake about 6 p.m. There we met an Arab, who was very kind and gave us wood for our fire, as it is very scarce just here; also a goat and lots of fish that his men had just brought to land by a large drag-net, some like a grey mullet, which were very good, and some others very nice, but so full of small bones.

This was our first night on the shores of the great lake, and it made one's heart beat faster to think of it. We were now to put off on to it with an open boat, and leave the banks of the river; so we cooked plenty of food, for we did not know what might happen, and started with a good south breeze about 8 a.m. on the 22nd of September, 1885.

Mr. Swinny was not over-well; the sun was very hot, and our faces and hands were as brown as a crusty loaf. The wind then dropped, and we had a long pull up to a small island, uninhabited, about two miles from the shores. Here we thought it best to have a feed and a rest under the trees. Livingstonia Mountains were in sight (Cape Maclear), and we hoped to arrive there by sundown.

We had our food on the rocks of this rocky island, which is only a few yards across each way, but had some fine trees on it, under one of which Mr. Swinny had a good sleep, and felt much better after it. The wind got up again a little, and we were able to make good way,

passing some beautiful little bays and grand scenery, rocky hills and mountains of various sizes and shapes, very rocky, and some enormous-sized rocks, like churches or very old castles, with trees and shrubs growing up to the very top.

We did not get into Livingstonia till half-past eight; all tired, and I had my turn of fever. It is a beautiful place to look at, and so sad to see such nice large houses all going into ruins, because the Scotch people find it too unhealthy to stop there. The scenery is grand, mountains running right out of the lake up to three and four hundred feet, with rocks and trees; islands out in the bay, and the beautiful blue lake. It is a grand sight. We slept in one of the old houses, and one of Livingstone's old men, who is in charge here, came and gave us what we wanted in the way of food. There are a great number of people living here, and a native teacher still keeps the school going. Mr. Morrison, of the s.s. *Ilala*, is often there on Sundays and preaches; when he is not there, the teacher takes the service.

We started the next day about half-past eight for Makanjila's, on the eastern side, and we then shall work our way up on that side to Likoma. Just as we got out of the bay and round the island, on came a stiff breeze from the south, and we went at a fearful rate, but rather too much to be pleasant and safe, for we were so heavy the boat could not rise to the

waves. We had our weather boards on, but shipped sea after sea, and our crew were all

VIEW OF LAKE NYASSA, NEAR LIVINGSTONIA.

sea-sick except the two who had been in England and in the North Sea fishing (H. Hamisi and H. Tumani); they enjoyed it. I was afraid

of losing all my salt and my stock of provisions, and the cloth was also getting wet; so we had to take in two reefs of our sail. But we did fly, and were across at Makanjila's by 1 p.m. Here we stopped about one hour. Mr. Swinny went up to see Makanjila; I stopped to look after the boat, but they managed to take off our anchor. Hamisi was sharp enough to get it back. They are thieves, and a rough lot, slave-dealers and slave-owners.* Then we sailed on up the coast; stopped about 6 p.m. in a nice little bay. The people came down, and they knew Swahili and Newala, and some of our mission party at Masasi. I had a strong attack of fever and diarrhœa.

* Since writing this, the acting British Consul on Lake Nyassa, Mr. Buchanan, visited Makanjila's in April, 1888, to endeavour to exercise a peaceful influence with regard to the recent attacks on the African Lakes Company by the slave-dealers at the beginning of the year. Strange to say, the British Government do not see the necessity of supporting their representative with any outward sign of his authority, and he is obliged to visit these tribes without escort or anything which would convey to their mind an idea of his position or the interests he represents. It is only by the courtesy of the missionaries and the African Lakes Company that he can go about the lake at all, as the Foreign Office, although appealed to again and again, refuse to provide him with even a steam-launch. On the above occasion, one of his boatmen was murdered; he was stripped, insulted, exposed naked to the people as the representative of the British Government, and finally ransomed by the Universities Mission. These people are beginning to understand the moral influence of the missionaries; but, naturally, they cannot acknowledge the influence of a British official who has no visible force to back up his representations.

The next day, September 24th, we started at about 8 a.m. with a good breeze, passed some very pretty and mountainous country ; we could just see the mountains of the west side. We stopped at midday for a clean and dry up ; had everything out of the boat. No people about ; only a few gardens here and there. The rocky spurs of the mountains came right down to the water's edge, and were thickly wooded ; not many places where the steamer could find an anchorage. We were a long time finding a good place to stop at for the night, and got at last into a small river about 8 p.m. by moonlight, just under the south end of the Mapanji Mountains, where Mkalawili's villages are.

Here we killed the goat Makanjila gave us, and had fried liver by moonlight. One of our men, getting wood, got a very bad splinter into his leg. There was a deserted village near, and lots of ground that had been under cultivation.

The next day we passed Losewa with a good south wind blowing. We noted particularly the rock, bays, and sand spits for after use, when we get the steamer up.

We nearly capsized just off Mkalawili's village, for the breakers were heavy, and we ran in a little too close because we wanted to see the place, and a man, who prided himself in knowing Swahili, ran along the shore asking us to stop, for his chief wanted soap, he said, and cloth. It was strange to see how they had

endeavoured to hide their corn stores away from any enemies that might attack them by land. They had chosen some very rocky places which could only be approached by water in their canoes; there they had built up their little round-houses for their stores of grain.

Off Losewa there are rocks running out into the lake for about two miles, some just under water, very dangerous for a steamer. At the back of Losewa there are some beautiful mountains, very high, covered with wood. It looks as if it would be a splendid healthy place, from a day and a half to two days from the lake.

We were a long time finding a sleeping-place—twelve o'clock before we got to bed—but got one between Mchingamja's and Losewa. Then the next day we had bad wind, and had to stop at the Yao village, Chingomanje's. They seemed very friendly, and most of them knew Swahili. Our boys were delighted to be able to talk with them, and to have a swim and *piga kambi*, that is, a Zanzibar game of ducking under and sending your leg over on to the head of one of the others, who, seeing it, ducks under, and is ready to give the other a blow as soon as he puts his head above water. They had a dhow here. The village had quite recently been destroyed by fire. Makanjila sent up to capture some of them, and burn them out. The old Mchingamja died the year of the comet, with a

great many others, so they had a superstition about it.

The village was clean, and they were rebuilding some nice houses. The Yaos are very clever house-builders, and spend more time than the Makololo and Wanyassa over them. There was a strong fencing round the village, and a ditch. It was built on a low piece of ground, with reeds and rocks and little bays, which made it look rather pretty.

We had the tent up, and had the services as usual, only very early. Mr. Swinny then got the chief to call the people together, and he preached to them in Swahili. They knew Mr. Johnson, and said he once talked of building near there, because limestone is found not very far off. The Arabs have lime from there for their tombstones. They were very anxious for us to come and build there and stop with them. They knew all about Masasi, our Mission station, five hundred miles off.

28*th.*—We started off again; sailed past Maendaenda's, where Mr. Janson's grave is. We could not land, for the breakers on the shore were so heavy, and it is so open to the south wind that was blowing.

We ran on, past a sandy spit. No very good bays for the steamer, and we put up for the night in a little rocky bay, and we had a bad night with fever, and had to sleep in the boat. Next day we sighted Likoma; passed very

rocky coast; wind troublesome; bad headaches. Shall be glad to get out of the boat; so very tired of travelling like that.

We got to Likoma about 3.30 p.m.; had had *no* cooked food all day, and sun very hot. Sea heavy; very, very tired.

About half-past four we landed in what we now call "St. Michael's Bay," because we landed there on that day.

We pitched our tent under a very large baobab tree, amid crowds of people who flocked down to see us, and we, with a little salt, soon bought firewood and eggs, and, with a little cloth and beads, some chicken and rice.

30*th.*—I had bad fever all night, but very glad that our most trying journey was over. Mr. Swinny and I were both beginning to get low-spirited and cross. Now we had fresh difficulties to contend with. About four o'clock a heavy wind came, and so upset us that Mr. Swinny was obliged to take the boat round to another bay. We unloaded, and then went round the island to look out a site for the Mission station. The bishop gave us instruction that we only had to look out the site; then go over and tell the chief (Chitesi), who would go to look at it; and then I was to be left to build, and Mr. Swinny return at once to Matope.

We came to a very good place, and fixed upon it; but white ants were numerous; very sandy and dry. The next day Mr. Swinny

went over to the mainland to see the chief, and spent two hours with him, and found him very disagreeable, saying that the bishop did not give him a good present, and that we must go and build near him on the mainland, not go and live on the island like a lot of women. At last he said he had left it in the hands of his head man on the island. Then we went round with his head man the next day to see the place he wanted us to build at. He took us to about the worst place he could find, on the top of a hill, with rocks all round, and nothing but rocks to build on; so hot, it was like an oven. We at once refused, and said if we could not have the site we choose we should go elsewhere. We sent off the messenger to the chief with some cloth, and said we wished to leave as friends, and could not accept the place he chose.

And he had refused to recognize any agreement made by the bishop. We waited a day for an answer; when it came, he wanted still a larger present first, then we could build where we liked. We felt sure that he would come to our terms, so we went on waiting his good pleasure. The people seemed a funny lot, drinking pombe (beer), and having little fights amongst themselves. I just managed to keep about; very weak with the fever.

Sunday, the 4th.—Mr. Swinny had Holy Communion in Swahili; then he preached to the

people, J. Hamisi as interpreter. They were some time before they would be quiet enough. Mr. Swinny told them what we had come for, and the object of our coming; also told them of the gospel.

But they had quite a row afterwards. Some said he had spoken well; others said he might preach till his throat was sore and his mouth tired, for they had always been used to drink, fighting, and war, and should keep on. One old man who called himself a chief had a great deal to say, but we could not understand a word. Another came up with a goat as a present, another two fowls, for which they wanted about twice as much as they were worth in return.

The next day we went up to the place we had chosen, and, with two men from the chief and the owner of the land, we marked out a piece, and got them to put their marks to a short agreement. It was a long business, asking all kinds of prices for the land, and we only gave what we thought just.

October 5th.—Mr. Swinny got ready to start back, and I got ready to shift my tent and goods up on to the piece of land we had fixed on.

It was just at the foot of a hill, on a slope, about five minutes from the lake; not near a village, because if we had placed it there we should have caused jealousy. And it is about the centre of the island, within an easy reach

of a good bay, in which the steamer could anchor, with a good view of the lake and mainland.

A strong wind came off the mountains at the back of Chitesi's every morning at about 4 a.m. With this Mr. Swinny wanted to start. But the very day he started there was no wind, and they had a long pull. We said good-bye over-night, so that he could get away at once.

CHAPTER VI.

ALONE IN LIKOMA.

Starting to build—White ants—Natives difficult to deal with—A crafty head man—Threats from the Magwangwara—Questions of natives—A venerable impostor—Doctoring—Chitesi, the great chief—Native teachers—School on the island—Christmas Day—Skin alphabets—Native ordeals—Likoma customs—Want of rain—Daily teaching—No sign yet of the steamer—Want of green food—The steamer at last.

ALONE on the island of Likoma. The boys and I started at once to build, and got some of the natives to go and cut poles, and women to get grass; but neither had any idea how to work, or they would not. The men came back with the worst poles they could find, and the women with a handful of grass each, and they wanted to be paid at the end of one day's work. Then the next day no one came, because their chief had a row with "Chiwisi," the man who was to be a sort of middle man between us and

Chitesi. Then we heard that Chiwisi wanted to have only *his* village people to work for us, and they were to ask what price they liked; to which I did not agree. Day after day no one came to work, and no one came with anything to sell. The boys and I went on with what we could get, and I was more often in my bed than out of it. And the tent was dreadfully hot all day. The white ants are fearful. I left my only pair of shoes on the ground one night, and had the soles nearly eaten through. Another time my trousers fell off the box; next morning, when I went to take them up they were fast to the ground, and left a good part of them, for the ants had come up and eaten them into great holes, and fastened them down with earth. Old Chiwisi we found out to be a cheat. He came to say that Chitesi wanted some beads; I gave him some, and he kept them. Men come up nearly every day, saying they are relations of Chitesi's, and will I give them some beads or cloth.

Only get a few men to work. Two men from the mainland, who knew Swahili, offered to get poles from there and bring them over. I made an agreement with them, and they went off at once. The next day they came with several others, all bringing good loads of poles and grass; this is bringing the islanders to their senses, and they are beginning to do a little more. I still keep very weak and bad; can only just get out and see how things are going on.

We paid the men who had been helping us, and they had quite a row about that. Wherever they can try and take you in, they will. They keep coming up with all kinds of stories; and the men and women are dreadfully lazy—cannot get a bit of work out of them. I do not know what sort of a house it will be, for the poles and grass are not fit to use. The only way will be to make the sides up with mud and stones. The white ant-hills will do very well for that. Set on a number of women to get mud and stones. My legs still so weak—all of a tremble; can only just get about.

Old Chiwisi came in grumbling, and saying he got nothing; he ought to be dressed like an Mzungu (European), he said. And said that we ought to have *his* people to get poles, not any one else. Wanted to know if I had got the same medicine as Mr. Johnson had against the Magwangwara, for the men who go to cut poles in the forest were in danger of being killed or stolen, and if any got caught what should I pay? And if I did not offer, he would not let them go. However, I was not to be caught by him, and employed other people, who said they were not afraid to go. Chiwisi tried to get me every way he could, and caused no end of bother. Also Chitesi kept sending over messages for more cloth. A few people came up on Sundays to hear us preach.

Old Chiwisi kept out of sight for several days. Lots of poles, bamboos, and grass came in, and

we were able to finish the house, and started to wall up the sides. Goats and chickens very expensive. A man sent over from the Magwangwara to ask me why I did not buy poles from their people, and asked if I was aware that he was the man who destroyed Masasi, and if I wanted to be turned out. All kinds of stories like these kept turning up to frighten and disturb us; for we were not sure how far they might go, and we were perfectly helpless.

October 26th.—We had all kinds of things asked us, but a man beat them all last night, for he asked me if the moon had a wife, and if the stars were its children; also if it was a new sun that came up every day. And how many moons were there? I was very glad to find such an intelligent man, for he asked simply to know more, and he said a very good proverb, "If you ask, you will reach the town." That is to say, if you did not know your way, and you asked every one you met, you would at length reach the place you wanted. And that was the case with him. He said he wanted to *know*. I got a piece of stone in my eye—very painful; no looking-glass, so had to use the back of my watch, and one of the boys with my pocket-knife was able, after several painful operations, to extract it. Also got a bad cut on my leg with the adze when adzing out the doorstep with one eye bound up.

Chiwisi came back once more with a goat and

some rice from the chief, Chitesi, and wanted eight fathoms of cloth. I let him have three, and some salt.

31*st*.—S.s. *Ilala* arrived with letters and more cloth. Mr. Read had left; Mr. Swinny had arrived safely back. I was very glad when I got under the grass roof of the house, for the tent was often so hot that it was almost impossible to stay in it. Some men came with a few poles, and wanted a fathom each, because they could not wear half a fathom, that I offered. They could not see the force of my argument, that if they brought more I would give them more; they bring a little, and expect to get clothed for it. Chiwisi came up again and said he was going to follow us, and did not want to drink or follow their customs again; the old humbug was thinking he would get round me in that way and get more cloth, when his eyes only too plainly told of beer-drinking. Another relative of Chitesi's came up and said he wished to talk with me. What he wanted was cloth. Another came, wanting powder and flint stones for their guns, for the Magwangwara were coming, he said. Anything to get all they can out of you. One old man said, when I told him I had no more cloth, that I told lies, for I made it every night as I wanted it. Another one asked if it was true that people with four eyes, two in front and two behind, with tails like monkeys, made the cloth. They did not believe

me, so they went away and took two chickens, and tried them with the ordeal, one chick for the four-eyed people, and one for the Wazungu (Europeans). The one who died with the effects of the poison was to be for those who did not make it; the chicken for the four-eyed people died.

I did not know of all this till after, when they came up to tell me. They also asked if the white people pushed the sun up every day, for they had a story that white people lived on the end of the earth, and had long ladders, and their work was to push the sun up every morning.

There are no less than three different parties come up and claim the piece of land we are building on. They have rows amongst themselves; then all come up to me, and try and get me to pay them all round alike.

One old man, by the name of Chiwoko,* says he was the first that came and lived on the island, and the whole island is his, and he will not allow his people to have anything to do with us; he also tried to stop our boy from getting any water out of the lake, and said if we wanted water we must dig a well. The people are afraid of him, because they think he can do some evil to them, as an mfiti (wizard). He has neither chick nor child, not a goat or anything, but a small dirty little hut. He lives with his sister, and even the natives call him a wicked and evil old man.

* This man died in 1889.

December 2nd.—I sent over to Chitesi about this row, and asked him to come over, for the whole island seemed to be in arms about it. I was still very weak and seedy, and this continual worry was making me feel low. Also getting no news of the steamer, I was beginning to feel a bit lonely. The house was now finished, and I was able to keep more out of the sun. Thunder about, and rain seems to be near.

A woman came up with her head fearfully cut; she had been fighting with her husband's other wife, and had got a piece of the scalp as large as your hand, just over the left ear, nearly off. I have been doing some doctoring, and got my name up a little. So they brought her up at once to me. I shaved off the wool and strapped it up, and in about two weeks she was quite well, to the amazement of all. After that I had from twenty to thirty patients every morning.

Chitesi came over and met all the head men of the island. He had a long talk to them, and told them to let us alone and not worry us about cloth, for when the steamer comes (he spoke as if it all was his) they would all have lots of cloth and be satisfied. He was an intelligent-looking old man, but not well dressed. One of his sons (about four years old, naked) played about his feet as he sat on a mat in our house.

He said he had got so many brothers, and they all wanted cloth; the present the bishop

gave him was very nice, but he said he could not cut it up and give a piece to each of his brothers. The bishop had given him a red cap and a joho (an Arab cloak).

He said he wanted some aperient medicine, and I gave him a dose of calomel. He complained at it being such a small quantity, "for," he said, "I am a big man, and want a big dose;" after which he thought our medicines very strong. He then wanted guns, and stones for his flint-locks (old Tower guns, the crown and government stamp on them). I told him that it was not our work to supply him with guns and powder, but to teach his people the gospel and about God. He said that was very good, but would not save them from the Magwangwara!

We built another small house. We had a little rain—heavy storms over the north every morning from about five to ten.

Our houses leaked a little; got more grass on. Our old friend Chiwoko commencing again to bother us. We cleared a bit of the road and cut down a few bushes that were in our way, which did not suit the old chap, so he told us to stop, or he would forbid the people to sell us food.

I told him that I should only listen to one chief, and that was Chitesi, so, if he attempted to do any more, I should send over and tell him. I cannot make out what has happened to the steamer and the rest of the party; I am getting anxious. Our food is short, and cloth and beads

also ; cannot do any more building. A few people come up on Sundays to hear the preaching.

The teachers behave wonderfully well, and are often talking to the people about drink and witchcraft. Some of the islanders tried to get them to a dance and pombe-drinking. They refused, but the two Blantyre boys went, and I had to go after them about 11 p.m.

They were very indignant at my doing so. The next day I gave them a good talking to, and said I should stop their pay if they went again. A party of drunken men passed by about 12 p.m. Three of them came and asked for needles and cotton, and demanded some cloth. We had great difficulty in sending them off ; one got his hand badly cut with a knife by his companion, who took our side. I would not give them anything, because if I had done so we should have been constantly troubled in that way.

20*th*.—About fifty people came to the preaching, and a lot of children ; some came four miles. So Songolo took the children, while Augustine Ambali and I took the grown-up. We began by telling them the story of the creation, and then the parable of the sower, which they all liked so much, because they were just planting their corn. I had ten patients, bad legs and stomach-ache the chief complaints.

We had a good laugh about trying to translate four times ten into Chinyanja. They can only count up to five ; then they begin by saying

five and one, five and two, up to kumi (ten); so to say forty they hold up both hands and say one-ten, down and up again for two-tens, and so on; when it comes to hundreds, then they can only say many, many. The teachers are picking up the language fast. Two little boys have quite attached themselves to us, and come up from early morning till late in the evening. We think of starting the school at once, because there seems *no* signs of the steamer coming, and several boys are ready to come. We had a bit of fun in showing them what reading and writing really was. We got eight or ten boys together, sat them down, and then So and Paul went and hid themselves, while Augustine and Nicholas wrote each one a nickname on their black arms; then we called So and Paul, who told each boy his name, and they could not make it out; they thought it witchcraft. We told them if they would come to school we would teach them. Chanamila and Chidumayi seem very quick boys.

We talked of having a school, but hadn't a book of any kind, not even an A B C. We set to work and cut A B C out of old paper, pasted them on pieces of an old box which we pulled to pieces, and started with them; then some numerals. But we were obliged to try another plan, for the cockroaches ate off the letters every night; they took a fancy to the paste.

25*th, Christmas Day*, 1885.—I was in hopes of having the steamer and all the rest of the party up before this, but it seems that I am to have Christmas alone, as far as whites are concerned. My black companions are very good, and we are very happy now. I am better in health, and the natives are a little more settled; for how long remains to be seen. No Christmas pudding or roast beef, but with a fat goat, some rice, and a few bananas, we got on very well.

Forty-three children came, and several grown-ups. We had a little service ourselves in Swahili; then went out and preached to the people, told them of the birth of our Lord Jesus, gave them a little of the goat and some boiled rice. Then I took the grown-ups and amused them by showing them my watch and a compass; made a little windmill to show them how we grind our corn in England, and not have women to pound it in mortars; told them we had *no* slaves in England, which they thought very wonderful. "Our slaves are the wind, water, and steam," I said, and tried to explain how we worked them. They were greatly amused, and the watch was a wonder to them; they clapped their hands for joy when they heard it tick. Altogether we had a very happy Christmas. The boys had races and jumps, for which they had a few beads and a little salt, which they licked and sucked like sugar. A different party of men came with the same story about four-

eyed people making the cloth, and asked us if it was true, and looked as if they very much doubted my word when I laughed and told them *no*, there were no such people living.

St. Stephen's Day.—Chiwisi came with about thirty men and women. We spoke to them on the parable of the mustard seed. Then they wanted to hear the story of the creation, and parable of the sower, all over again, for they said they liked to hear it.

In the afternoon we went across the island to see a man who was sick, and asked me to call on his chief, who also was sick.

The village is in a very pretty bay, which we called "St. Stephen's Bay." Two boys who had been bitten by a snake were brought to us, but they were out of danger; their legs were swollen very much. There are a great many snakes here, and scorpions, a few monkeys, and a small kind of lemur * (Madagascar cat). A deaf and dumb boy also came up, and was amused at our clothing; he wished to make the others understand that I was clothed from head to foot, so he ran his hand over his head, then down his body and on to his feet. My shoes often caused great laughter, and to see me put them on or take them off was as good as any play.

Often, when I first went there, the sound of my shoes and my white face would send the

* This was not a lemur, but a galago: there are no lemurs out of Madagascar.

men, women, and children scampering off as if they had seen a ghost.

Coming back from St. Stephen's Bay, we saw a number of butterflies. I asked the native name, and they said, "To stop the ears," because they were taught that to catch them would make them deaf. It is a rough walk over large stones, and you often have to jump from one to the other; very hot and dry, with lots of trees, brushwood, and euphorbia. The village is built amongst large baobab trees.

The school boys numbered seventy-one, and the girls forty-nine; but they soon dropped off when they saw they were not going to be paid for coming, and laughed at those who kept on; and some said they were beaten by the teachers, and wanted to be paid. I was not sorry they went, for we have the best, and those who really wish to learn are still stopping and doing very well.

I had to contrive a new A B C for them, because the cockroaches ate them off the board as fast as we put them on. We got a goat skin, had it well cleaned and rubbed smooth, then I got some lamp-black from my candle, and with a little fat and white of egg I was able to make some good paint. Then with a feather I painted A B C, numerals, and some short words on it. We had two of these skins, which answered beautifully. The cockroaches did not only eat our A B C, but get into our food, eat

our clothes, and are everywhere. It is the time of year and new house that seem to suit them. White ants are also doing their work, and commenced to eat our house down.

We daily expect the steamer, and cannot think why it is so long in coming. It is over three months since we came here, and the rains are coming on.

Went down to a village near to see a Likoma wonder, "chick with four legs." A good many of the fowls here have the tips of their feathers turned the wrong way. Near here there are two old baobab trees which were struck by lightning. Mponda said that there were some people killed, and he supposed that they died because they had taken "lightning medicine."

We had about one hundred people come up to hear the parable of the Good Shepherd, and I told them they had a great lion in Likoma; pombi (beer). They said my words were not empty words, and I read to them out of a good book (my Bible). But they were used to their own old customs, and could not see the use of being taught without pay. Chiwisi was often on about being dressed like a European; and he never liked me to tell him he did not know enough, and that he only came to see what clothes he could get, and not to be taught more about God. He certainly did begin to know a little, and would often repeat what I had said to others.

January 1st, 1886.—We were woke up about 5 a.m. with a very heavy storm—thunder and lightning was terrific; then a steady rain for about one hour. A woman came up covered with bad sores. I made a syringe out of a piece of bamboo to wash her sores. Also a man came up with both legs very bad.

We had a good many at school, and several grown-ups came, and we had a long talk about mwavi (ordeal medicine). It seems so universally a native custom, and they believe in it so much, that it will be years, and I should think generations, before you could get it out of them; and yet it seems so simple that the poison (mwavi) can either be made weak or strong, or it may act on one system more readily than on another.

I said I had got some medicine that would make them all sick; if any one would like to try it, they could. One man said he would; so I gave him a dose of ipecacuanha, and, to the great amusement of them all, he was very sick. A woman had been tried by mwavi the other day; she was said to have committed adultery, so, to see if she was guilty or not, she had to drink this poison. She was said to have been sick, so "Not guilty" was pronounced.

And they do not seem to know about the "soul." When I asked, they thought I meant their heart; another said, "My shadow." Was at a loss to know what to do, for what would be the

use of preaching to them about heaven and God if they did not know of the existence of the soul?

3rd.—Two months, and no news of Mr. Swinny and the steamer. Had a good number come to hear more about God, and had some nice long talks to many of them. Had an examination with the boys, four of them knew their A B C and the numerals up to twenty, and could say a little of the small Catechism. We gave them beads according to their knowledge, so as to encourage them on. Their writing-lessons had to be done with a stick on the sand.

8th.—Longing to have some sort of news of the party, and to see a white face again.

There is a great noise just near here—some one dead. They have a custom that if a woman dies, her husband has to pay several goats or cows, or a man-slave and some goats, to her friends—her father if living, just as if he had caused her death.

A man has no such value; he is only worth a goat and a few chickens. They bury their dead in the house they die in, and that is more or less sacred, for if any one takes wood from it he is called an mfiti (wizard). They say they pay for the woman because she has gone and will never return. An old chief here got four goats for his daughter who died, and he says that is only a taste of what is to come—that is only his "tobacco," the food comes afterwards;

that is to say, the four goats received was nothing to what was due to him. A man is not altogether sorry when he has a daughter born or die, for he says, "Now I shall get riches."

There has been a great talk about not having much rain. Chiwisi came with a number of men with guns, bows and arrows, and spears, to ask when rain was coming, and if I could not do something to make it rain.

Had I no medicine to give them? I gave them a good talking to, and asked them to come to-morrow with as many as they could get, and we would talk it over again.

They thought they were going to frighten rain out of me, by coming well armed.

Another addition to the four-eyed story. Mponda says they buy the elephant-tusks to grind up and burn over their graves as an offering. Where elephant-tusks go to, and for what they are used, is a puzzle to them.

They asked me if I had seen the end of the earth, where the water drops down, and no one can pass.

10*th.*—About two hundred came to the preaching. We first spoke about the rain-question. They told us that it was the Arabs and coast people who told them about rain-medicine, and they bought medicines from them, rain-medicine and war-medicine. One chief had forbidden any one of his people to wear a cap, because it would stop the rain.

We gave them the parable of Lazarus and the rich man, and asked them if they did not receive their evil things, and had war and famine; if they had evil and not much good, or no good here, when were they going to receive it? If they did not know of a future life and of God; how good is rewarded, and evil punished; —their life was not much better than a goat's. But we had come to teach them. And if they came often they would soon know more about God, and why we have come to live amongst them.

Had another story this afternoon. A man asked me where our women put the salt in the food when cooked? For he said they will not allow a woman to put salt to theirs, for if she did they would die.

11*th.*—People running about with a chicken each. They say they are going to see who stops the rain; the chickens are to drink the mwavi (ordeal), and the owner of the chick which dies is the one who stops the rain. A very disgraceful custom they have here: a man often marries his granddaughter—the daughter of his daughter, not of his son.

We went to call on an old chief who calls himself Mzungu (European). Not a bad old sort. Tried to get him to send some of his boys to school. He said, "What do you pay?" We said, "They would learn to read and write, and 'Akili ni mali' (wisdom is riches)." He sent two boys.

12*th.*—No steamer, and *no* rain. People getting more excited about it. Fresh stories about it every day. Ufiti (witchcraft) and mwavi are so thoroughly believed by them, and they are so afraid of each other, and cannot believe what you say. Old Chiwoko sick. Went down to see him. He has got a bad leg. An ugly old man at the best of times; indescribably so when he pulls his face about, to make you believe that he is very bad. Put him on a poultice.

13*th.*—A number of people rushing about with guns and spears, because a man had refused to pay for a woman who died. Chiwisi came in, looking wild and excited, with his bow and arrows. And says that Chitesi is coming to war with the islanders, because there is no rain. And asked me if a man had a debt, would I pay the debt? And would I protect him if war came? To which I said *no.* He went off in a huff. A boy came and asked for soap, and said if I did not give it Chitesi would come himself for it. I told him he had better do so. One and the other is enough to drive one silly. Lots of rain, and heavy storm on the mainland, work from north to south. Went down to see old Chiwoko; took him some medicine down in a glass. The boy washed it out in the lake, and we heard afterwards that Chiwoko said I stopped the rain by putting medicine in the lake and holding it up to the skies.

Not feeling well, and the boys sick, because we cannot get enough green meat or fruit. I never should have thought that one would have such a longing for something green to eat, but we all felt it, and went out into the woods to see what we could find; in that way, had some cassava tops boiled as greens.

School attendance keeps up, although they get laughed at by other boys because they get no pay. No steamer; longing for news, and the people are getting more restless because there is no rain. Chitesi says it is Chiwoko who stops it, and Chiwoko says it is I.

21*st.*—I had been showing my watch, an old compass, and a few tricks; now these are all brought up as things that keep away the rain. They had seen white men before, but never seen such things as these. I said we white people could make iron steamers, and engines, and watches, and many other things, but could not stop the rain or make rain to come. So they were much cleverer than we.

22*nd.*—Rain came. People say, "Ha! the man who stopped it is afraid." Boys went down to get some honey.

Steamer arrived late at night, and got into the wrong bay. Mr. Swinny and Mr. Frere came up. I was in bed, but so delighted that I could not sleep that night. It is wonderful how they got up, with the steamer going so very slow, and such a dark night.

23rd.—They got round into the right bay, and soon landed. A tremendous cargo, and crowd of whites and blacks. Robinson sick; all the rest well. As could be expected, they had a bad time of it at Matope—rains, and water in their houses, thieves, and sickness—and were a long time coming up. Handed over to Mr. Frere's charge the school. Mr. Swinny wished me to take charge of steamer; Robinson to go over and see the doctor at Bandawe. I am to go on to Matope, and call for him on my way back. We went across to Chitesi's first as a trial trip. Steamer going very slow—not enough draught; fire burns slow, and injector out of order. Got a man from the s.s. *Ilala* as pilot.

CHAPTER VII.

MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.

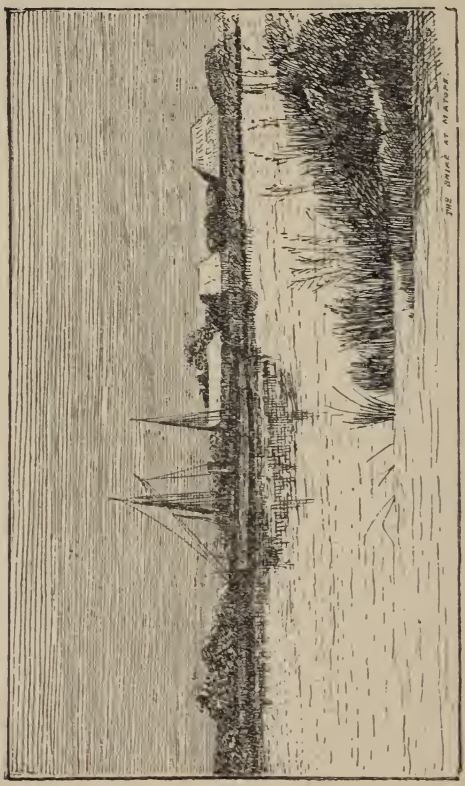
Expedition to Matope—Threats of attack from Mponda—Mbampa Bay—Rock villages—Fall into an elephant-pit—Slave-caravans—Difficulty of getting oil—A visitor to see the steamer—Waiting for the bishop—Man carried off by a lion—Difficulties of river-navigation—Rough weather—Man overboard—Magwangwara raid—Aground in the river—Stopped by hostile chief—Visit to Mount Zomba.

EBRUARY 1*st.*—We started for Bandawe, Mr. Robinson going to see the doctor, Mr. Diffy as my companion. Bandawe is not a good place to stop at; exposed to south winds, and shallows running in a long way.

Steamer going very, very slow; trying all kinds of things to improve her speed. We had several showers, but no bad seas. Got to Matope on the 10th. The river had risen over its banks; had a lot of rain.

We got the iron house on board, and waited for loads from Blantyre. Got our new boat; the

first one was burnt in the fire. Started back on the 19th, with a heavy cargo. Steamer going



THE "CHARLES JANSON" AT MATOPE.

much better. Mponda stopped us. All his men out with guns, bows and arrows, etc. I went

ashore to see what he wanted ; found him sitting on his doorstep with a revolver. After a short chat he passed the revolver behind him, and said that he thought there was war, and began to make excuse for his men being armed ; then asked for a present.

He was not so bad when he found that I knew Swahili. They were evidently showing their teeth, but a present closed their mouths, and we went on. Both Diffy and self feverish.

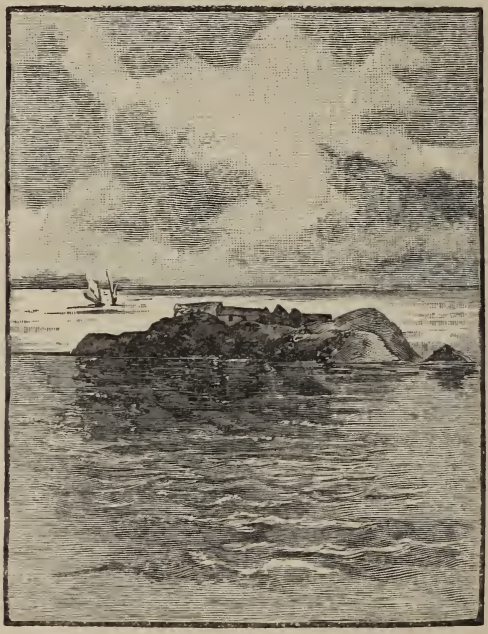
From February 1st to April the 9th.—We made two trips to Matope and back ; went over to Chitesi's twice, and Bandawe twice. We had a good bit of wet, sometimes very heavy seas. Wind from the south.

On the 10th of April Mr. and Mrs. Swinny lost their little child. It was suddenly taken with convulsions, and died while we were at Bandawe, and was buried just before we got back. The steamer took a lot of cleaning up and painting, and we got her to go much better ; also got the wheel in its place.

May 4th.—We made another trip to Matope for stores and mails. Met the engineer for the *Good News* going up to Tanganyika. The *Ilala* men got a dead buffalo out of the river that had been killed by a lion ; it was the largest I had ever seen. Heard the news of Bishop Hannington's death, and the massacre at Uganda. We started back ; passed the *Ilala* steamer going very well. Mr. Alley and self very seedy.

Some Angoni on the banks said they would kill us all, and drew their spears across their throats, because they said we were going to bring the Magwangwara down on them.

17*th.*—Started for Mbampa Bay North, with



INHABITED ROCKS IN MBAMPA BAY.

both Mr. and Mrs. Swinny on board. Got there in good time. It is a beautiful bay, well land-locked, and good anchorage. The people here are living on the rocks right out in the water,

for fear of Magwangwara ; others up in the rocky hills near. The old man who called himself the chief of all the country round, lives out on the rocks, and has a canoe to go to his house (Mbampa). Mr. Swinny was very ill. They had their tent on shore, and lived in that.

19*th*.—I went out with two of my steamer hands and a village boy, to see if we could get any fresh meat. After going some distance, the man in front of me seemed to suddenly disappear into the earth, and I nearly went after him. He fell into a pitfall for elephants—it was a very deep one—and broke his leg ; fortunately there were no spikes in it, as they generally do have. And, fortunately for me, his gun did not go off. We had great difficulty in getting him out—had to let down a pole for him to hold on to ; and the village boy, as soon as he saw what happened, bolted, so there were only two of us. He broke the small bone of his leg, near the foot. I made some splinters of bamboo and some bandages of one of their cloths, bound him up ; then we had a heavy job carrying him and all the guns through the forest. I was obliged to give up, and I waited beside him while the other man ran and got some steamer hands to help. We got him into the steamer ; made fresh and proper splints and bandages. Mr. Swinny started off up to the Magwangwara ; had to send some of the steamer hands as porters.

The people here do not get out of their

villages till about 10; and at 4 p.m. they are off back in again for fear of the Magwangwara. Their dress and language is different to any we have seen. There are some Wangindo and Wanindi. The Magwangwara are constantly walking about here.

May 23rd.—I took my looking-glass on shore, which caused great laughter and amusement with the natives. Crowds came to see the white lady; no white lady had ever been there before. I set alight some dry grass and leaves with the glass out of my telescope for their amusement, and wrote down a few of their words. We could not converse with them much.

25th.—Mr. Swinny returned. He did not come back the same way as he went; had a lot of hills to climb, and very rough road, he said. But people were friendly.

June 1st.—Went on to Matope. Met British Consul and Mr. Last, R.G.S., at Livingstonia. They are going on to the Angoni country.

Matope, 14th.—The chief and all the people drinking mwavi, because some human flesh was said to have been found in the chief's hut, and they say there must be a wizard somewhere. One poor old man died.

16th.—A large caravan of slaves and tusks are going across the river; saw several in sticks. Had some fine shots at the crocodiles on the banks as we steamed up the river.

We went on to Bandawe with their letters and some loads, and then to Likoma.

24*th.*—We went to call on some of the villages near on the mainland, and to buy oil-nuts. We have to buy all the ground-nuts (monkey-nuts) we can, for we can extract oil for the machine from them.

29*th.*—Started again for Matope with mails and to bring up stores. We called at Chingo-manje's. A man came on board and wanted to see the steamer; he was introduced to me as the captain of a dhow. I took him down into the engine-room and started the engine; he no sooner saw it move than he was up, out, and into his canoe. He then went round and round, looking at it with great surprise; and I pointed out to him that the outside was iron, and he would not believe it—got his knife and tried to pick a hole. Then he was so astonished that he went on looking, and all at once his canoe capsized, and the great captain of the dhow was in the water. At another village I was stopping, and several men and boys came off to look at us, and I, wishing to call the boat back, without thinking pulled the whistle; in a moment the men were in the water, and looked so frightened. The whistle so frightened them that they got into their canoes and kept a distance off from the steamer.

July 3*rd.*—We arrived early at Matope.

8*th.*—Captain Sherriff arrived. Right glad I

was to see some one to help. I had now been six months by myself on the steamer, having both engines and navigation to look after. We had a good cargo, and Mr. Diffy got back from Quillimane; he went down to look up our goods. We nearly had some difficulty with the village people here. Mr. Diffy's boy set the dry grass alight near the village, and the fire nearly came up to the houses; had to send off all hands to put it out. The chief was very cross, and it might have been something serious with us but for the wind shifting and taking the fire just past the village.

A lot of the steamer things, to replace those that were burnt, arriving on July 15th. We started back for the lake with a heavy cargo, and the steamer going much better. We stopped the Sunday at Monkey Bay. This is a beautiful bay, with mountains coming right down to the water, covered with rocks and trees. Lots of firewood; made arrangements for the village people to cut us a lot ready whenever we call.

20th.—Arrived at Likoma; found all well. Have got to go up to Mbampa to meet the bishop, who is coming across country through the Magwangwara.

22nd.—Mbampa Bay, waiting for the bishop. We had lots of different stories come to us. One that there were four Europeans, three dogs, and thirty porters. Another, that one of the Magwangwara had stopped the bishop, and

killed two porters, and four women. All these are purely made-up stories, and they think we are going to believe them. Captain Sherriff very bad; got a touch of sunstroke, I fear.

August 1st.—Bishop arrives. We both had news of death to tell—he that Mr. Wood had died at Newala, and I of Mrs. Swinny's baby. Mr. Maples was on his way up, and coming out at Chitesi's. Mr. Johnson, who started to come up, had to return again and go to the coast. We sang the *Te Deum* in Swahili on the shore after evensong.

2nd.—We get back to Likoma. Mr. Maples had arrived, with his people, four days ahead of the bishop.

3rd.—Went across to Chitesi's with bishop and Mr. Maples. Chitesi had been having a little fight with his neighbour; two men killed and six wounded.

4th.—Some of the bishop's porters returning to Newala.

8th.—News came that one of the men who was going back to Newala had been bitten by a lion. We went off at once to get him. They were only a day or so off, and encamped, when, about 4 a.m., a lion put his paw through their stockade and clawed the man through; the shouting and firing of guns drove the lion off, and he was saved, but got some nasty wounds in the back.

9th.—Started with bishop, Mr. Maples, and

six men for Matope. Captain sick. Nut in cylinder got loose. We got into a bay at night, just above Maendaenda's.

10*th.*—Heavy seas, and had to put back into a bay just below Losewa.

12*th.*—We called at Makanjila's. Went on to Monkey Bay, and then on to mouth of river. Got there twelve o'clock that night. Captain sick; had double duty of engines and navigation; very tired.

13*th.*—Got to Pimbi at 4 p.m. Bishop and Mr. Maples started for Zomba. Captain sick, and I just about done up. Went on to Matope, and waited for the bishop.

24*th.*—Started back with a heavy cargo and lot of passengers. Touched a snag in the river, and broke two blades off our propeller. Water in river very low; had to plough our way through Pamalombe lake. Ran on a sandbank just below Mponda's, and had a fearful job to get her off.

27*th.*—Captain Sherriff still sick; most all the work to do.

28*th.*—We got to Kota-Kota; went on shore with bishop and Mr. Maples to see Jumbe, the chief. Jumbe took us to see the hot springs that are near his town. They are very hot, too hot to let your hand stop in a second. In the evening we had a cloud of flies come just as we were at meals, they put out the candles, got into our food, and we could take them off the table by handfuls.

30*th.*—We started to cross the lake. Quite calm when we started, but as soon as we got outside, it came on to blow a gale from the south. It was a fearful rocking we got, and the boat nearly lost. Every one but the captain sick, everything wet, and the seas ran right over us. I was very glad to have a north-sea captain at the wheel. We got across safe. I got wet; then came on a stiff fever, and was obliged to give in. The bishop was very bad, and his books and things all got wet and knocked about. It was a sight down in each cabin.

31*st.*—Wind still very high; heavy seas. Lost a cask overboard. Got to Likoma safe.

December 9*th.*—We were running up past Msanji's, with a little sea on and a good breeze, the steamer going about seven or eight knots, when Mr. Johnson fell overboard and was nearly drowned. He went to get a bucket of water, and took a wooden one, which would not fill very well. All at once a wave filled it, and pulled him in. No one saw him go, and it was only a wonder he was not drowned, for we were all forward, when the captain, turning round to look at some work he had been doing, saw something in the water. We at once saw it was Mr. Johnson's hat; then we saw his head. I was by the wheel, so turned her hard over. The captain, with some men who were near the boat, lowered it, and in a wonderful short time

was alongside of Mr. Johnson—just in time, for he was nearly exhausted, and just sinking. Just after that we had a gust of wind and a heavy shower of rain, so sudden and so severe that the steamer had to turn head to it and lay by. If Mr. Johnson had been in that he must have been lost.

January 20th, 1887.—We had heard of the Magwangwara being about, and that they had burnt down a village where we called at (Mtengula); so we went down early, met a canoe, and they said that Mr. Swinny had gone up also. We saw the camp in the distance, on the hillside at the back of the village. Mr. Johnson and I went on shore, picked up two arrows in the water, and then came to a dead man. There was no sound of any one about; the village was deserted. We went through the village. Several huts were burnt, and dead bodies lying about, but no living creature. A small fire and some partly roasted Indian corn showed where some of the Magwangwara had been till they heard our whistle. A wide path trodden down showed where the war-party had passed.

Mr. Johnson went on up to the camp, about a mile and a half off. Just after I got back on the steamer, and having some breakfast, a cry was heard that there was a boy on shore. We looked out, and saw a little boy come out of the reeds, and then rush away along the shore, across a small river, and into the long grass. I

sent after him, and they had quite a chase to catch him.

He was a boy about ten years old, and he gave us his story. He said that the Magwangwara came upon the village at cock-crow, when it was still dark. They set light to some of the huts; then he rushed out, but was caught by one of them; then he got away. He was caught again, but managed to get off again. Then he hid himself in the reeds and long grass, and there heard the cries and groans of those who were dying. One woman he passed when coming off to the steamer was his grandmother. He had been in this same hiding-place about thirty hours, no food or water, and was afraid to move. When he heard our voices he knew us, and then he was afraid to show himself; that was why he ran away when he came out and beckoned to us. He thought the Magwangwara had seen him.

He had a good breakfast, and he could not keep quiet. He did not know where his father or mother was. Mr. Swinny came, and then went on up to the camp after Mr. Johnson. They came back with two men, whom they had prevailed on the Magwangwara to give up, and a baby. The two men were sick, and would not fetch much in the slave-market. The baby was found on the side of the path, with a log of wood on it. It was only about four months old. We took it on to Mrs. Swinny, who

nursed it; but it was too far gone, so they baptized it, and it died a Christian, and was buried at Chingomanja's.

We went on to Chingomanja's, for they were threatened, and had lost two men. A party of Magwangwara came within about a mile and a half of the town; then sent two on nearer. We were able to watch their movements from the steamer. The village people then sent out some men, and they were able to converse with them. They took a goat and some flour to ransom their men.

It was a strange sight to see these fellows in their war-dress, shields, and spears. They wear a cap of feathers, which goes down their back, and the arms and legs are decorated with pieces of goat-skin. It makes them look very wild.

22nd.—We took on board about twenty men, relations of those who were killed and captured, and went up to the village Mtengula to see about burying the dead, and to bring away any food. We went on shore, and, after some trouble, got the men to start and bury their dead. The houses had all been burnt, and a lot more corn taken.

This is about the sixth time this village has been destroyed by these thieves. It was a fearful sight, and the bodies were beginning to decompose, and we could not move them from where they were lying, and some we could only throw earth over. We hunted about to

CHINGOMANJE'S.

find them all, some on the shore, some in the long grass, just where they happened to run and fall after they had the spear-thrust. One Magwangwara was in the reeds dead, and we only found him by the smell. Two children, one about four years old, and the other about two, both on the shore. One had lost a leg and an arm, taken off by a crocodile. There was only the skull of another left; two little girls, and two old women—altogether, nine. It did seem so shocking to see so many children killed. They had all been stripped of the only little bit of clothes they had, and everything taken out of the village—a sight that one will remember all his life. The war-party had left. One woman had escaped, and two Magwangwara had died since. They were taking off as slaves about twenty-five people, a lot of corn, and several elephants' tusks.

23*rd.*—Several more men and women got back. They had run away and saved themselves; but it will make it worse for those who are left, for they will be fastened up all night, and have to walk with loads all day.

25*th.*—We went back to Likoma, and then back again to Mchingamja's by February 1st, calling at the villages up and down, Mr. Johnson going on shore to preach.

Mr. Swinny very ill, and we are to go at once with him to Bandawe. Last year I took over Mr. Robinson the same date. It was a long

and trying journey; we were running from 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Mrs. Swinny was very sea-sick, but kept up and looked after her husband. He was very bad, but quite cheerful. They were glad to get on shore. We carried him up at once. Dr. and Mrs. Laws were very kind, having already a hunter very sick, and likely to die. We then left, and went across to Likoma; then on to Cape Maclear with mails.

11*th.*—Went to Bandawe again to see if Mr. Swinny was any better. There had been a lot of sickness; all had been down, and Dr. Laws not well. Mr. Stuart, the hunter, very bad.

14*th.*—We started for Matope, and Mr. Alley went with us. Mr. Johnson at Chingomanje's, in Mr. Swinny's house. We went on to Matope, and had a very trying time of it; water so low, that we ploughed nearly all through the Pamalombe lake. We got down all right as far as the stony part of the river. It is very shallow, and big stones in the bottom, and current very swift. The steamer touched the bottom, and in a moment she went broadside, and got hard and fast, the force of the water turning her right over on her side. We got some help from the shore, and got ropes on to her, but of no use; could not move her. The men got into the river, and pulled out the large stones from under her, and we worked till dark. Just as steam was down, and all hands were off, she went on herself, by the force of the water; no anchor

will hold, and we went down stream and on to just as bad a place. We worked all day at her again and got her off, but was on again after about half an hour's run. Here we had to empty everything out of her. Alley sick, captain not very well, and myself tired, hands sore, and sunburnt. It was fearful hard work, and we could not get proper food cooked, with the steamer in such a state; and once I nearly broke my leg by falling over. We did not get to Matope till the 23rd.

March 5th.—S.s. *Ilala* came down with the news that Mr. Swinny had died, and Mrs. Swinny had gone back to Likoma. Mr. Stuart also died the day before Mr. Swinny; and Mrs. Cross, at the north end of the lake, had died; and a Mrs. Mackintosh, of the Scotch Church Mission.

Water lower several inches since we come down. Started for Likoma on the 9th. Had more trouble getting up the river, especially with the cargo, and captain very ill; once quite delirious.

A chief on the river-bank, where we had to stop, caused a lot of trouble. He would not let us go on. Sent the women and children away, and called his men. Kept us there for two hours, and said he would kill our crew and keep us prisoners. It was all because he was jealous of the Matope chief, and wanted a big present. I did not see my way to give him one, after such

behaviour. We gave him two fathoms (about two shillings), and after some trouble we got off. We then had a lot of trouble. Once a good part of the cargo had to be landed, and the steamer dragged across shallows. Sand got into the pump and into the boiler. Once she primed, so that we had to stop short in a very bad place, for fear of cracking the cylinders. Captain sick. I had hard time of it, and glad we were to get up on the lake again.

17th.—Steamer went a trip without me, for I was nearly done up. Captain was much better. I had been on board thirteen months, and only slept on shore once.

April 18th.—Down at Matope again. Commenced at once to set the men cleaning out the dock. Mr. Johnson very ill. After some trouble, we got him sent to Blantyre for a change, and to see the doctor. We got the steamer into the dock, scraped, cleaned, and painted her all over, and repaired engine, and cleaned and repaired boiler.

May 18th.—Got her out again into the river.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Mount Zomba—Last visit to Likoma—Walking across from Livingstone to Blantyre — Slave-dealers—Abundance of game—Difficulty in getting a canoe—Down the Shiré—The elephant marsh—Hippo shooting—The Zambesi—By the Quaqua to Quillimane.

IN May I went up to Mount Zomba. The consulate is a fine house, built on the south side of Mount Zomba, looking across the plain to Melanji mountains and Lake Shirwa—a beautiful view across such a wild and pretty country. The house is large and well built with bricks, and looks so nice and cheerful after the small, low house one is so used to out there. Here it is so cool and so different to the lake and on the plain. I had to keep my overcoat on till midday. Here we had potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, and all kinds of English things. A field of wheat looked so nice; sugar-cane,

coffee-trees, and quite a farmyard, all seemed so nice after the lake, and the country about the lake.

SOUTH END OF LAKE NYASSA.

The water-wheel turns a large saw, and they are able to cut up good-sized trees. It is very

healthy here, and will grow anything. I enjoyed my stay here, and it did me so much good.

June 23*rd.*—Mr. Mills arrived as engineer for the steamer. We reached Likoma on the 30th. Captain Mills and Mr. Crawshay seedy.

July 1*st.*—I left the steamer. Mr. Mills took charge of the engines. I did a little house-building at Likoma, and put the circular saw up ready for work.

29*th.*—The bishop and Mr. Williams arrived, Mr. Weigall coming on in a few days. He is stopping to settle a row between two chiefs.

August 19*th.*—Had a retreat; bishop very nice in his addresses. Had a synod. Mr. Weigall very ill. I took several photos of house, station, and boys.

September 12*th.*—Bishop and party started back overland; Mr. Weigall and I go home *viâ* Blantyre and Quillimane.

14*th.*—We started in steamer for Cape Maclear; going to walk from there to Blantyre.

A walk from Cape Maclear to Blantyre.

19*th.*—We made a start with sixteen porters, and only got a short distance, because the men were so much trouble to get off; but, in African travelling, it is something to make a start, if ever so short a distance.

Next day we passed through some pretty country, with mountains on each side; came out at Monkey Bay. There two of our men ran off

and left us. We got two from there, and went on, coming out every now and again into some pretty bays. We shot several guineafowl; there were a great number of them just about here. The ground was very dry, sun hot, and grass-fires had been about. We walked about fifteen miles a day. Saw some salt-pans, or places where they dig out salt. The rocks and stones were all crusted over and white with salt, but it is very strong, like saltpetre. We stopped the night at a village, where two women had been killed by a leopard. They had a trap put up to try and catch him.

23*rd*.—We reached Mponda's village; called to see him; left him a present, and he gave us a sheep. He was sitting by a fire in his house, with a number of men round him, and some Angoni. One man said he wanted to buy some slaves, and they talked about it just as if they were sheep-dealing. We had a long talk to him, because he was cross that the s.s. *Ilala* had not called on him, and he said he would stop it by force, if they did not when he called to them.

We went on, and stopped on the western side of Lake Pamalombe. We met an Arab who knew Mr. Weigall. There are very large villages down here, and great numbers of people—all Mponda's—and a lot of Angoni about. Every one busy, for they are just making up their caravans for going into Ubisa (Marambo) for slaves and tusks.

On the 26th we passed a caravan of about two hundred, all loaded with cloth and guns, and a

SLAVE-GANG ON THE WAY TO THE SEA.

lot of women, one man in a slave-stick. They had a little row near Zomba. A chief, Kasimbi, there took some of their cloth, and they killed

three people. They belonged to Pimbi, near Refu, on the lake.

27th.—Had a lot of buffalo to disturb our rest. They came very near to us where we were sleeping. Mr. Weigall went after them at day-break, and got a shot at one, which rushed into some bushes, then charged out at him, but he fortunately got a bullet into its head and killed it; so we had lots of fresh meat.

29th.—We crossed the river above Matope, and had some sport; lots of game about, zebra and antelopes. It is easy walking from the lake to Matope; nearly all level country, and no end of sport, if one likes to take time over it.

October 1st.—Arrived at Mandala about 11 a.m. We stayed there three days. The Scotch Mission people were very kind, and it was a great treat to have things a little in order after sleeping, cooking, and feeding out-of-doors for so long.

6th.—Mr. Ley and Mr. Spaulding got off in a boat; we were looking out for a canoe. Mlalima promised one, but refused afterwards because we did not give him the best blanket we had.

7th.—I got up at 4 a.m., and went down the river to Masaya; and after some little talk, and I having emptied my pockets, he let me have a canoe and some men. We got off at once, and paddled away down the river at a good rate—four men in the stern of the canoe, and

one up in the bows with a pole. We had part of the canoe covered over with grass, but too low and too hot to sit under. Mr. R—— caught us up just as we landed for the night. He was dreadfully afraid of hippopotami, and asked if we thought a revolver would keep them from attacking his canoe.

8th.—We started early, and got partly through the elephant marsh. It was risky work sometimes with the hippos, for the narrow and swift channels often brought us very near to large schools of them. We counted as many as forty in one place, with their heads up; and every now and again one would show us the size of his mouth and his teeth. They would jump right out of the water, and bellow away at us. Twice we were very near to an upset, only just getting past in time. The men would paddle away with all their might, and shout. We sat with guns in hand, and often had a shot at them or at a crocodile. Mr. Weigall shot a young cow hippo when we stopped for breakfast; I was looking after the cooking. The hippo went down stream, and laid wait for us; we only just passed in time when it charged out. We got on shore, and were able to finish her off. Once she tried to jump on the bank after us, but Mr. Weigall got a bullet into her head, which settled her, and she sank. Our men were soon after her, and we got her down on to a sandbank; there she was cut up. The head, cut off close,

took seven men to lift. We had a large cargo of meat now, and the top of our canoe was only an inch from the water.

9th.—We got to the Ruo. I shot a crested crane, which we ate. We went to see Bishop Mackenzie's grave, and cleared away the grass a little.

10th.—Met the *James Stevenson*, with Consul O'Neill, his wife, and brother-in-law, going up to the lake. Shot an Egyptian goose and a black bird with a long, thick bill. We had them all cooked, and ate them.

11th.—Got a bad sleeping-place. Mosquitoes fearfully troublesome, and a lion woke us up by coming very near and giving a growl.

12th.—We got into the Morumbala marsh. Lots of birds and geese. Very difficult to find resting and sleeping-places, and the wind at dawn was trying; also the mosquitoes. Getting rather tired of sitting cramped up in a canoe, and the sun was very hot. Often down the Zambesi we had to stop, for the wind got up so strong that it would blow the water into our canoe. Twice had to stop on sandbanks, with no shelter from the hot sun.

Mr. Weigall got a spur-winged goose, which was beautiful when cooked. We often got on to sandbanks and into the wrong channel. Once nearly upset in a swift current by a rock. The hippo meat that the men had got in the canoe was getting rather strong. Got to the African

Lakes Company stores on the Zambesi, where we had to leave our canoe and go overland to the Quillimane river (Quaqua). Here we had a ride in mashilas for thirty miles, and our men did it in one day, with all our loads as well, ten men to each mashila (palanquin), four at a

SWARMS OF THE KUNGU FLY.

time. They travel very fast, and clap and sing as they go, having small rattles in their hands to keep time. It was dark when we got to the place where canoes were to be had ; and after some time, in the morning, we got two small canoes, and started off down the Quaqua to Quillimane.

Our men were good paddlers, and we went on very fast; but it was very trying, and not much to see—mangrove swamps on each side. And once we had to stop for the tidal wave (*bore*), which came up in a good-sized wave, so black and muddy, and it often turned canoes over, and made such a commotion all at once. Our men kept the canoes' heads to it, and we did not get wet, nor any water go into the canoes.

We had to sleep a night in the canoe, for thick mud on each side gave no rest for the sole of our feet; and we lost our cups overboard, and had to drink our tea out of a sardine-tin. We were very glad to get to Quillimane and have a clean up. The steamer for the south starts on the 23rd. I first thought of going to Zanzibar; but that would mean two weeks here, and I might have a lot of fever in that time, so I shall go *viâ* the Cape.

NOTES.

FISH AND FISHING IN LAKE NYASSA.

THERE is a small silver-coloured fish, smaller than a sprat, which comes in shoals at certain times of the year. They are chased by big fish into the shallow waters, and birds are after them when they come near the surface. The natives catch them with nets. They leave one end on shore, and go round the fish and take the other end on shore; then pull them in.

Another way they have, which is a very funny sight to see. Three men in a canoe go out with a net, something like a sparrow-net on two poles. They paddle up to a shoal; then one of them takes the net by the two poles and dives into the water; the second follows, and takes one of the poles, pulls it under the fish, and they both come up together; while the third hand manages the canoe, and helps to drive the fish in the right direction.

Another way is to go out by night with a light. They have three canoes, one with the light, the other two with the ends of the net. They let out the net, and the canoe with the light decoys the fish into the middle, while the two canoes bring the ends together and

gradually haul the net in. Then they have traps, which they let down into the water.

The men are constantly mending or making nets, and large nets generally belong to several men, who work together, as they also do with their canoes. Some of their nets are made of cotton; others (more generally) from the inner bark of a small shrub, which is very strong, and all twisted up by hand. Their cord is generally only two strands.

They really fish with hook and line only on the river, where there are mud-fish; and round the rocky islands they catch a large fish they call "komo."

Another kind of food they have is a fly that comes out of the lake—kungu, a sort of May fly. They come up in myriads, and look like smoke. They often go up in two curved lines into the air a hundred feet or more, and look like the smoke from a steamer. They then go with the wind, and settle on the land, in the trees and shrubs. The people run out with baskets, catch them, and make them up into cakes, do them up in green leaves, and put them into the fire to bake.

HOUSES, OR HUTS.

All the huts are round, and built near the lake. They have little courtyards in which they keep their few things —corn, stores, and chickens. Their huts have only one room, with one door, and no windows.

At Likoma they are very poor huts; and I was told that if any one builds a larger house than the ordinary size, he is asked who he wants to make himself out to be, and they pull it down for him. Again, they do not see the object of a large house, for it is so much colder, and wants more work and expense than they care to give.

A native has little or no notion of straight lines. Long houses and square houses are built by coast people and

the Wayao, who copy the coast customs, but a native will always have round ones. They cannot keep anything straight. Their gardens are all out of what we should call order, and they cannot make a straight road, or put anything straight in your room or on your table.

SLAVES AND SLAVE-TRADE ON LAKE NYASSA.

The slave-trade is still going on, both up in the country and down near the coast. Upon the lake there is not a village but what has its dealings in slaves and its slaves. And there are large slave-trade centres, such as Jumbe's on the west coast, Makanjila's on the east, and Mponda's on the south, at the river's mouth. When passing through Mponda's country coming home, we saw several places where Mponda's caravans of slaves encamped. By the size of the encampment, one could judge there must have been hundreds ; for there were hundreds of places where fires had been, and at each fire there would have been four or five people. They seem to go into Marambo (Ubisa) for them, and also get a great many tusks from there. Mponda's people looked well off, which also shows of a flourishing trade being done there. They cross over the river just below his village, and go down to Quillimane and to the coast south of the Sultan of Zanzibar's territory. Some of the people can speak a few words of Portuguese. Numbers of slave-sticks are to be seen along the road, and I have seen large parties of them in sticks down on the river-banks.

These caravans go once a year to the coast. Mponda goes himself sometimes to Marambo to buy, and the Angoni are constantly trading with him.

No greater proof of how slave-catching goes on do we want than this one instance. A boy, who was brought home by Mr. Johnson, and spent some time in England,

went out with us, but seemed to have lost his wits by the wonders and sights he had seen. When we got to Quillimane, we could not keep him from wandering and often going into the water; and, as I said in my diary, we at last gave him up as lost, for we thought he must have got eaten by a crocodile. We sent in all directions, and got no news of him; and the Portuguese authorities were told of it, but we heard no more.

Since I have been home in England, Mr. Johnson writes to say that this boy has come back to Mandala in a dreadful state, and he gives his own story. How that he was captured and put in a slave-stick and made to carry a load up-country, and was sold and resold, and at last, when about thirty miles from Mandala (he was not in a stick then), he left his load and ran off by night, and so escaped. He still looks a little wild, and in a fearful condition. He had been three years away, and we had given him up as dead. Now he will not stir, for he fears being captured again. The poor boy must have suffered most dreadfully, and it is a wonder he is alive to tell the story.

NOTE.—Since "A Working Man's Diary" was written, the vexed questions of territory in Central Africa have been happily set at rest by the Anglo-German and Anglo-Portuguese Conventions, as affecting Lake Nyassa. The boundaries finally settled on August 20, 1890, are marked upon the map accompanying this. The Convention with Portugal further provides that there shall be free passage for all "nations" upon the river Zambesi and its tributaries, and by roads, railways, and canals, intended to remedy the difficulties interposed by falls, rapids, etc., save for services rendered (*i.e.* ordinary fares and freights). This marks the commencement of a new era for lake Nyassa. More missionaries, traders, and adventurers will soon be crowding up the Zambesi and the Shiré.

The pioneers of the Gospel in time will, most of them no doubt, be forgotten; but still, as the new-comers pass the graves of Mackenzie and Scudamore, of Dickenson and Janson, and others whose names have been mentioned here, they will be reminded that the Church was the first to break the silence of those solitudes with her glorious tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ.

THE END.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

	£	s.
A "**LEAL LIGHT HEART.**" By ANNETTE LYSTER, author of "Northwind and Sunshine," &c. With Four full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards*	3	6
A **WOMAN OF BUSINESS.** By M. BRAMSTON. With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. ..... *Cloth boards*	2	0
ALONE AMONG THE ZULUS. By a Plain Woman. The Narrative of a Journey through the Zulu Country. With Four full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. ..... *Cloth boards*	1	6
AMBROSE ORAN; or, With the Buccaneers. By F. SCARLETT POTTER. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	2	0
ANIMAL CREATION (THE). A Popular Introduction to Zoology. By THOMAS RYMER JONES, Esq. With nearly 500 Engravings. Post 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	7	6

	s.	d.
ANNALS OF HARTFELL CHASE. By A. C. CHAMBERS. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	1	6
ART TEACHING OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH (THE). With an Index of Subjects, Historical and Emblematic. By the Rev. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT, author of "Lectures on Symbolism." Post 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	5	0
AUNT KEZIA'S WILL. By S. M. SITWELL, author of "The Andrews Family," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo....*Cloth boards*	1	6
AUSTRALIA'S HEROES: being a slight Sketch of the most prominent amongst the band of gallant Men who devoted their lives and energies to the cause of Science and the development of the Fifth Continent. By C. H. EDEN, Esq., author of "The Fortunes of the Fletchers," &c. With Map. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	5	0
BEHIND THE CLOUDS: a Story of Village Life. By GRACE HAMILTON. Printed on toned paper, with Three full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo....*Cloth boards*	2	0
BELFRY OF ST. JUDE (THE): a Story. By ESMÉ STUART, author of "Mimi." With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo....*Cloth boards*	2	6
BERNARD HAMILTON, Curate of Stowe. By MARY E. SHIPLEY, author of "Janetta," &c. With Four full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards*	3	6
BERTIE AND HIS SISTER: a Domestic Story. By A. H. ENGELBACH, author of "The King's Warrant," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	1	6
BIBLE PLACES; or, The Topography of the Holy Land. New and Revised Edition. By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM. With Map. Post 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	4	0

s. d.

CHRYSSIE'S HERO. By ANNETTE LYSTER, author of "Fan's Silken String," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo.... *Cloth boards* 2 6

CRUISE OF THE "DAINTY" (THE); or, Rovings in the Pacific. By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 1 6

DICK DARLINGTON, at Home and Abroad. By A. H. ENGELBACH, author of "Juanita." With Three page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards* 2 0

EVENINGS AT THE MICROSCOPE; or, Researches among the Minuter Organs and Forms of Animal Life. By P. H. GOSSE, Esq., F.R.S. A new edition, revised and annotated. Post 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 4 0

FAN'S SILKEN STRING. By ANNETTE LYSTER, author of "Northwind and Sunshine," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards* 1 6

FIFTH CONTINENT, WITH THE ADJACENT ISLANDS (THE): being an account of Australia, Tasmania, and New Guinea, with Statistical Information to the latest date. By C. H. EDEN, Esq., author of "Australia's Heroes," &c. With Map. Crown 8vo. ... *Cloth boards* 5 0

FISHES, NATURAL HISTORY OF BRITISH: their Structure, Economic Uses, and Capture by Net and Rod. By the late FRANK BUCKLAND. With numerous Woodcuts. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 5 0

FLOWERS OF THE FIELD. By the late Rev. C. A. JOHNS, B.A., F.L.S. With numerous Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. *Cloth boards* 5 0

FOREST TREES. By the late Rev. C. A. JOHNS. With numerous Woodcuts. Post 8vo. ..... *Cloth boards* 5 0

	s.	d
FORTUNES OF HASSAN (THE): being the Strange Story of a Turkish Refugee, as told by Himself. By the author of "Our Valley," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	2	6
FREAKS AND MARVELS OF PLANT LIFE; or, Curiosities of Vegetation. By M. C. COOKE, M.A., LL.D., author of "Ponds and Ditches," &c. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	6	0
FRONTIER FORT (THE); or, Stirring Times in the North-West Territory of British America. By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	1	6
FROZEN ASIA: a Sketch of Modern Siberia. Together with an account of the Native Tribes inhabiting that Region. By C. H. EDEN, Esq., F.R.G.S. With Map. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	5	0
GREAT CAPTAIN (THE): an Eventful Chapter in Spanish History. By ULICK R. BURKE, M.A. With Two full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards*	2	0
HARRIET'S MISTAKES. By F. E. READE, author of "Clary's Confirmation," &c. With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. .....*Cloth boards*	1	6
HARRY'S DISCIPLINE. By LAURA M. LANE, author of "A Character," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. .....*Cloth boards*	1	6
HASSELAERS (THE): a Tale of Courage and Endurance. By Mrs. FRANK COOPER. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	1	6
HEROES OF THE ARCTIC AND THEIR ADVENTURES (THE). By FREDERICK WHYMPER, Esq. With Map, Eight page Woodcuts, and numerous smaller Engravings. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	3	6

s. d.

HER FATHER'S INHERITANCE. By CRONA TEMPLE, author of "Through the Rough Wind," &c. With Four full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards* 3 6

HIDDEN WORKINGS. By Miss H. R. RUSSELL, author of "Muriel," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 2 0

HISTORY OF INDIA, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By L. J. TROTTER, author of "Studies in Biography," &c. With a Map and Twenty-three Engravings. Post 8vo. ..... *Cloth boards* 10 6

HOW WILLIE BECAME A HERO. By the author of "Clary's Confirmation," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo...*Cloth boards* 2 0

INVASION OF IVYLANDS (THE). By ANNETTE LYSTER, author of "Fan's Silken String." With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards* 1 6

JEWISH NATION (A HISTORY OF THE), from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By the late E. H. PALMER, M.A., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. With Map of Palestine, and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards* 4 0

JOHN HOLBROOK'S LESSONS. By MARY E. PALGRAVE. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... ... *Cloth boards* 1 6

KING'S MARDEN. By the author of "Our Valley," &c. With Four full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 3 6

KING'S WARRANT (THE): a Tale of Old and New France. By A. H. ENGELBACH, author of "Lionel's Revenge," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 2 6

	s.	d.
KITTY BLIGH'S BIRTHDAY. By A. H. ENGELBACH, author of "Lionel's Revenge," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards*	1	6
LAND OF ISRAEL (THE): a Journal of Travels in Palestine, undertaken with special reference to its Physical Character. By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM. With Two Maps, Four full-page Coloured Plates, Eight full-page Illustrations, and numerous other Engravings. Large post 8vo. ..... *Cloth boards*	10	6
LITTLE BROWN GIRL (THE): a Story for Children. By ESMÉ STUART. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	2	6
MARCEL'S DUTY: a Story of War-Time. By MARY E. PALGRAVE, author of "John Holbrook's Lessons." With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards*	2	0
MATE OF THE "LILY" (THE); or, Notes from Harry Musgrave's Log-book. By the late WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, author of "Owen Hartley," "Ned Garth," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	1	6
MIKE: a Tale of the Great Irish Famine. By the author of "Between the Locks," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo... *Cloth boards*	1	6
MIMI: a Story of Peasant Life in Normandy. By ESMÉ STUART, author of "The Little Brown Girl," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	2	6
MISCELLANIES OF ANIMAL LIFE. By ELIZABETH SPOONER, author of "Daily Readings for a Year," &c. With Illustrations. Post 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	2	0
MISSY AND MASTER. By M. BRAMSTON, author of "The Snowball Society," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	2	0

	s.	d.
MRS. DOBBS' DULL BOY. By ANNETTE LYSTER, author of "Northwind and Sunshine," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	2	6
MUTINY ON THE ALBATROSS (THE). By F. FRANKFORT MOORE, author of "Will's Voyages," &c. With four page Illustrations. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	3	6
MY LONELY LASSIE. By ANNETTE LYSTER. With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. .....*Cloth boards*	2	6
NARRATIVE OF A MODERN PILGRIMAGE THROUGH PALESTINE ON HORSEBACK AND WITH TENTS. By the Rev. A. C. SMITH, M.A., Rector of Yatesbury, Wilts. With numerous Woodcuts, and Four Illustrations printed in Colours. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	5	0
NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, author of "The Land of Israel," &c. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	5	0
NEW STORIES ON OLD SUBJECTS. By C. E. BOWEN. With Four full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	3	0
NOT A SUCCESS. By the author of "Our Valley," "King's Marden," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	1	6
OCEAN (THE). By P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S. With Fifty-one Illustrations. Post 8vo. .....*Cloth boards*	3	0
ON THE ORIGIN OF THE LAWS OF NATURE. By Lord GRIMTHORPE. Post 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	1	6
OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS. By ANNE PRATT. With Seventy-two Coloured Plates. 16mo.....*Cloth boards*	6	0

	s.	d.
OUR VALLEY. By the author of "The Children of Seelisberg," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	2	6
PANELLED HOUSE (THE): a Chronicle of Two Sisters' Lives. By M. BRAMSTON, author of "Rosamond Ferrars," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	3	6
PERCY TREVOR'S TRAINING. By the author of "Two Voyages," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	2	6
PHILIP VANDELEUR'S VICTORY. By C. H. EDEN, author of "Australia's Heroes," &c. With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	2	6
PIANO IN THE ATTIC (THE). By ANNETTE LYSTER, author of "Fan's Silken String," &c. With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	1	6
RECLAIMED: a Tale. By A. EUBULE-EVANS. With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	2	6
ROBINSON CRUSOE (THE LIFE AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF). New Edition. With Five page Illustrations and several smaller Wood-cuts. Post 8vo. *Cloth boards*	3	6
ROUND MY TABLE. By H. L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON, author of "Under the Trees." With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo....*Cloth boards*	1	6
RUSSIA, PAST AND PRESENT. Adapted from the German of Lankenau and Oelnitz. By Mrs. CHESTER. With Map and Three full-page Woodcuts, and Vignettes Post 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	5	0
SCENES IN THE EAST: consisting of Twelve Coloured Photographic Views of Places mentioned in the Bible, beautifully executed. With Descriptive Letterpress, by the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, author of the "Land of Israel," &c. 4to.....*Cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges*	6	0

STORIES FROM ITALIAN HISTORY. By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. With Two full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 1 6

STORIES OF SUCCESS, as Illustrated by the Lives of Humble Men who have made themselves Great. By JAMES F. COBB. With Four full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 2 6

STUDIES AMONG THE PAINTERS. By J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON, Esq. With Seventeen full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Small 4to..... *Cloth boards* 7 6

SWANFORD BRIDGE. By the author of "Our Valley" With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards* 3 6

SWEET WILLIAM. By MRS. THOMAS ERSKINE. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 1 6

THROUGH THE ROUGH WIND: a Story of the Collieries. By CRONA TEMPLE, author of "Etta's Fairies," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards* 1 6

TWO CAMPAIGNS: a Tale of Old Alsace. By A. H. ENGELBACH, author of "Lionel's Revenge," &c. With Four full-page Illustrations and several small Engravings. Post 8vo. ..... *Cloth boards* 2 6

TWO SHIPMATES (THE). By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON, author of "Ned Garth," &c., &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo....*Cloth boards* 1 6

UNTO HIS LIFE'S END. A Book for Choir-Boys. By URSULA, author of "Little Things," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards* 1 6

	s.	d.
UNDER THE TREES. By H. L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON, author of "Round My Table." With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards*	1	6
VANDA. By ESMÉ STUART, author of "The Little Brown Girl," &c. With Three full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. .....*Cloth boards*	2	0
WANDERER (THE). By Mrs. PEARLESS. With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo..... *Cloth boards*	2	0
WHITE CHAPEL (THE): a Story. By ESMÉ STUART. With Three page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards*	2	0
WHITE GIPSY (THE). By ANNETTE LYSTER. With Four full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo. *Cloth boards*	3	0
WILL'S VOYAGES. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE, author of "The Great Orion," &c. With Four page Illustrations. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*	3	6
WRECKED LIVES; or, Men who have Failed. First and Second Series. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Crown 8vo.....*Cloth boards*, each series	3	6

LONDON:
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, CHARING CROSS, W.C.;
43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
BRIGHTON: 135, NORTH STREET.